

9d

9d

PUNCHY

October
3
1956



PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.



One of these is sure to please—

GONZALEZ BYASS

Sherries of Distinction

7-8 GREAT WINCHESTER ST. LONDON E.C.2 & JEREZ, SPAIN



**You meet the most interested
people... in TIME**



TIME—The Weekly Newsmagazine • New Bond Street, London W.1



'Take a shop!'
said the Prince

... but that was a hundred sleeping years ago, and the Prince and Mr. Marcovitch alike have taken their leave of London. Yet should the princely ghost return, he would find Mr. Marcovitch's shop still flourishing along Piccadilly. And if ghosts can smoke, he could still enjoy the same cigarette—for Marcovitch Black and White remain what they have been for more than a century—the finest tobacco, rolled into the finest cigarette.



BLACK AND WHITE

VIRGINIA

25 for 5/9

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

MINDING THE TRAFFIC

You will not find ponderous red buses queueing nose to tail at Port Louis . . . or taxis jockeying for position among the palm trees. The traffic here is in words, for this is one of the many cable and wireless stations owned by Cable and Wireless Limited. Here tens of thousands of words are received and transmitted every day . . . court news, commercial news, social news, sports news.

Cable and Wireless Limited provides vital facilities for Commonwealth communications. It owns a world-wide network of 150,000 miles of submarine cable which it maintains with a fleet of 8 cable ships. It also owns and maintains wireless relay stations on the trunk routes, operates the overseas telegraph services of most of the colonial territories, and cable services in various other countries throughout the world.

This great organisation, although it does not accept or deliver cables in this country, is always at your service overseas. It is set in motion whenever you send a cable from any Post Office which accepts telegrams, or from your telephone or Telex installation. Cabling is very easy, very swift and very sure. A Greetings cable to anywhere in the Commonwealth costs as little as 6s. 8d.



PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS, by Rowland Hilder, R.F.



CABLE & WIRELESS LIMITED

MERCURY HOUSE · THEOBALDS ROAD · LONDON · W.C.1



Yours for life...

The day she becomes your wife marks the starting point of high hopes and careful planning for your future together. In that programme a life assurance policy is a family's most valuable and enduring financial asset.



A policy with the Standard makes certain that, should anything happen to you, your wife and children will still be cared for. Remember too, there are Standard policies to provide not only security for you and yours, but also a safe and economical way to those happy, worthwhile things you might not otherwise have.

Write for 'Yours for Life',
a free booklet explaining most of our policies

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Established 1825

Head Office:

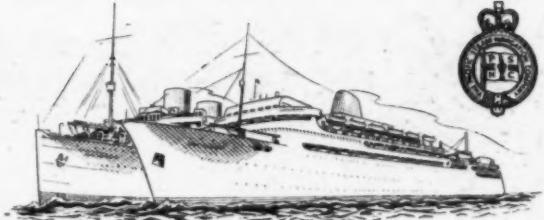
3 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH

London Offices:

3 ABCHURCH YARD, CANNON STREET, E.C.4

15A PALL MALL, S.W.1

*Yours
for Life*



The two liners s.s. "REINA DEL MAR" and m.v. "REINA DEL PACIFICO" are able to offer special facilities for children including Play Rooms and Play Decks, where the children may be left to enjoy themselves under the supervision of a children's Hostess and their own Stewardess.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

s.s. "REINA DEL MAR" and m.v. "REINA DEL PACIFICO" leave Liverpool on the 10th JANUARY and 14th FEBRUARY, 1957, respectively, for ROUND VOYAGES to the West Coast of South America via France, Spain, the Caribbean and the Panama Canal.

* The new liner 20,225 ton s.s. "REINA DEL MAR" is air-conditioned throughout and is equipped with stabilizers.

Consult

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY

(inc. by Royal Charter — 1840)

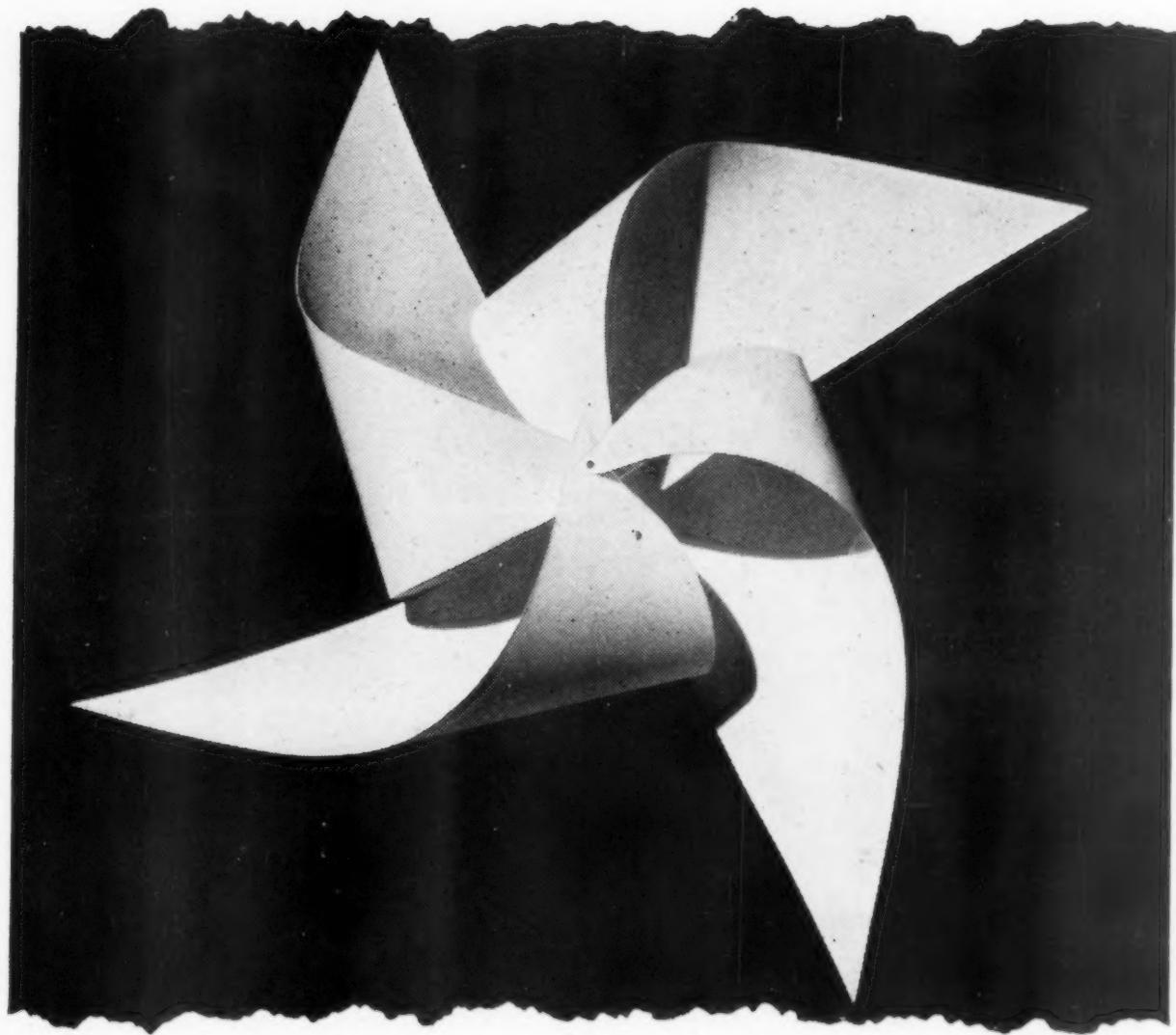
PACIFIC BUILDING - JAMES ST. - LIVERPOOL 2
or any Travel Agent.



Welcome Always —
Keep it Handy

QUEEN'S Sweet
SPORTSMAN'S dry

GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY



So much turns on paper—even more turns on finding exactly the right paper for each particular purpose, and that is one of Spicers' many specialised functions in the world of paper. Able to look back on a hundred and fifty years' experience, Spicers have always preferred to look forward instead—by anticipating the needs of tomorrow.

*All the best **
PAPERS
meet at
SPICERS

* "Best", to Spicers means any variety of paper which is the correct, expert choice for a particular purpose—printing, writing, packaging or wrapping—and represents, price for price, the highest quality. The right paper for any job can be found at Spicers—together with the long experience which will helpfully guide you to it.



A gracious welcome to your guests

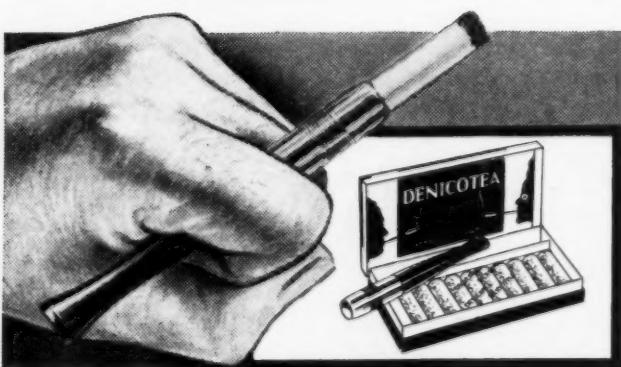
20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 40/-

Give him cooler...

fresher...

cleaner smoking



For the man who enjoys smoking. Give him a present of cooler, fresher, *cleaner smoking*. Give him a handsome new cigarette holder with the *original* Denicotea filter. He'll be grateful for the increased pleasure it affords.

**The Original
DENICOTEA**

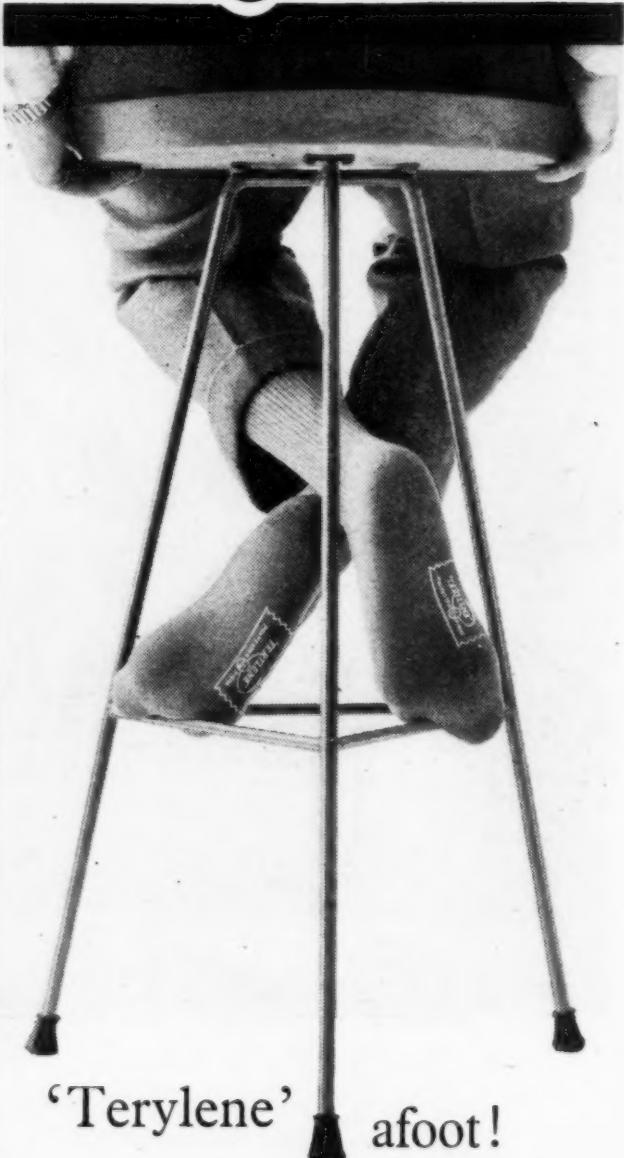
Slip-ring ejector. Black mouth-piece.
Packed with 10 Denicotea refills.
De Luxe, silver-finished, 12. 6d.
Super, gold-finished, 17. 6d.

* This Christmas — give him a Denicotea — a really thoughtful gift.

ROLSTAR, NORTH FELTHAM TRADING ESTATE, MIDDLESEX.

'TERYLENE'

Polyester  Fibre



'Terylene' afoot!

It's a genial fact that 'Terylene' socks look as good and feel as pleasant as conventional socks — some think more so — yet keep their shape and original size through countless washings; dry swiftly; scorn darning. Such courteous behaviour gives you *terylenity*: the calm assurance of the well-socked man.

terylenity ahead!

100% spun 'Terylene' socks — ask for your size; and the new 'Stretch' 'Terylene' socks — they stretch to fit you snugly. Mention your usual size.

'Terylene' is the trademark for the polyester fibre made by Imperial Chemical Industries Limited.



**A career in the R.A.F. starts with an exciting challenge
to skill and character. And it can lead quickly to high responsibility which
demands the greatest effort and offers the greatest reward.**

YOU JOIN TO FLY and with the R.A.F. fly you will — in some of the world's finest aircraft. But much of your life even in the R.A.F. must be down to earth. Does the R.A.F. also help you to build a career, to make your mark, win respect and reward ?

Consider the typical Group Captain. In his early forties, still enjoying the adventure of flight, he may command a station, virtually a whole township. His responsibility—several squadrons of aircraft, maybe 1,500 men and everything that goes to keep the aircraft, the men and their families in the highest fettle. And that responsibility does not end with efficiency; it embraces the happiness and well-being of all in his sphere. His reward ? The satisfaction of an important job done well, the pleasures of judgment and action, and the high regard of his colleagues. There is, too, the knowledge that such a job is one of many and that variety is very much a part of R.A.F. life.

The spice of life. R.A.F. aircrew enjoy a diversity of work unmatched elsewhere. Service abroad, international liaison, training others,

research—all these offer change and interest within the framework of a guaranteed career. For, confident of a life's work right up to pension age, you can now join the R.A.F. through a flight cadetship at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, or through the Direct Commission Scheme.

Pay and flying pay both up ! The new rates give aircrew incomes that compare favourably with most other professions. A Flight Lieutenant of 25 for instance, with the increased flying pay and full allowances, can now earn about £1,500 a year.

This is flying plus. The combination of flying, variety, responsibility and reward make a R.A.F. career well worth the consideration of any young man—and the new appointment of Air Electronics Officers means more can now fly. These highly skilled men are trained to be responsible for all the electronic devices in the new V-bombers.

To enter upon this exciting and satisfying career is not easy, for the standards of entry for aircrew are high. You must be between 17½ and 26. You must hold General Certificate of



Command of many men, control of many machines—the Royal Air Force calls for the highest qualities of responsible leadership.



When each man is a leader, to command calls for exceptional qualities; the tribute is that these individualists work so well together.

Command

Education or Scottish Leaving Certificate or their equivalent. You must have aptitude as well as enthusiasm for flying, and the personality to lead others. If you match up, write now for the schemes of entry to the Air Ministry (P.U.307), Adustral House, London, W.C.1. State date of birth and educational qualifications.



Team games and solo events—the R.A.F. trains men for both. You must be both self-reliant and unselfish to succeed !

The Royal Air Force  *Flying...and a career*



The association of "Scotch" and "Polly" is still as happy after nearly sixty years as it was in 1898. Apollinaris has the unique quality of bringing out the true flavour of a whisky.

A POLLINARIS



"The Leeming service is cheaper & better"

THE PURCHASING AGENT

Yes, we've been using Leemings for years; we don't buy any cleaning rags now. They send us a good supply of clean cloths, specially made for cleaning machinery—they make the cloths themselves—and take the dirty ones away, and keep it up week by week.

Reliable too; I sign a contract once a year and then forget about it! It all runs automatically after that. Cost? Believe it or not, it costs us a lot less than we used to spend on rags.



Leeming Brothers
Limited

SALFORD 3 · LANCS
TEL MANCHESTER BLACKFRIARS 2561 (5 LINES)

May we send you samples and particulars?

LB116



Men who guide the destinies of the world wear Rolex watches

NEVER before have the great men of the age been so well known to their contemporaries as today. News of almost all their words and actions is flashed round the world in seconds. Their faces and voices are made daily familiar to us in newspaper photographs, on the radio, in films and on television. We are intensely aware not only of their importance but also of their personalities. Their impact is enormous on us as well as on world events.

It would not be fitting to name them here, for they include royalty, the heads of States, great statesmen, and service chiefs. But there is one unusual thing we invite you to look at when you next see them or their pictures—the watch on their wrists. That watch will most likely bear the name of Rolex.

Accustomed though they are to the very best, these eminent men are nevertheless amazed at the accuracy and reliability of their Rolex watches. Rolex are proud that they quickly take these qualities for granted.



ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. Wilsdorf, Founder and Chairman)
1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1



the things they say!



85 marks for Chemistry — the boy's doing well !

Yes, but I wish he wasn't quite so keen on Science.

Why ? What have you got against Science ?

I don't think it's the best course for someone who really wants to get on.

Nonsense ! The scientist is going to be the key man of the future.

They're certainly not at present. The highest posts don't go to the scientists.

You're wrong, you know. This careers book from I.C.I. shows that the technical man has first-class opportunities with them. And not only on the scientific side — on the commercial and administrative sides, too.



Oh, a few good posts go to them, no doubt.

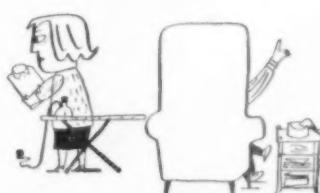
More than a few. It says here that 12 out of the 17 full-time Directors of I.C.I. are graduates in Science or Engineering.



Directors ? That's a bit ambitious, isn't it ?

All right. Listen to this : " of the men holding the 254 most senior posts, 160 are graduate scientists or engineers ".

Have it your own way ! You always get the better of me in the end.





With

KUNZLE

"Art Dessert" chocolate assortment
... like Kunzle Cakes—a compliment to Good Taste

C. Kunzle Ltd., Birmingham

M-W.90

La Corona

*The cigar by which
other cigars are judged*



Supreme the World over



The fame's the same!

Town or Country—from Burnham Beeches to Berkeley Square, they're on; Waddington's "REBEL", the old friend with the new look—the 'right dress' men's glove for all occasions.



The "REBEL" costs from 39/11 to 59/11—four handsome Cape styles with woven lamb, seamless wool or real lamb lining. All in presentation packs.

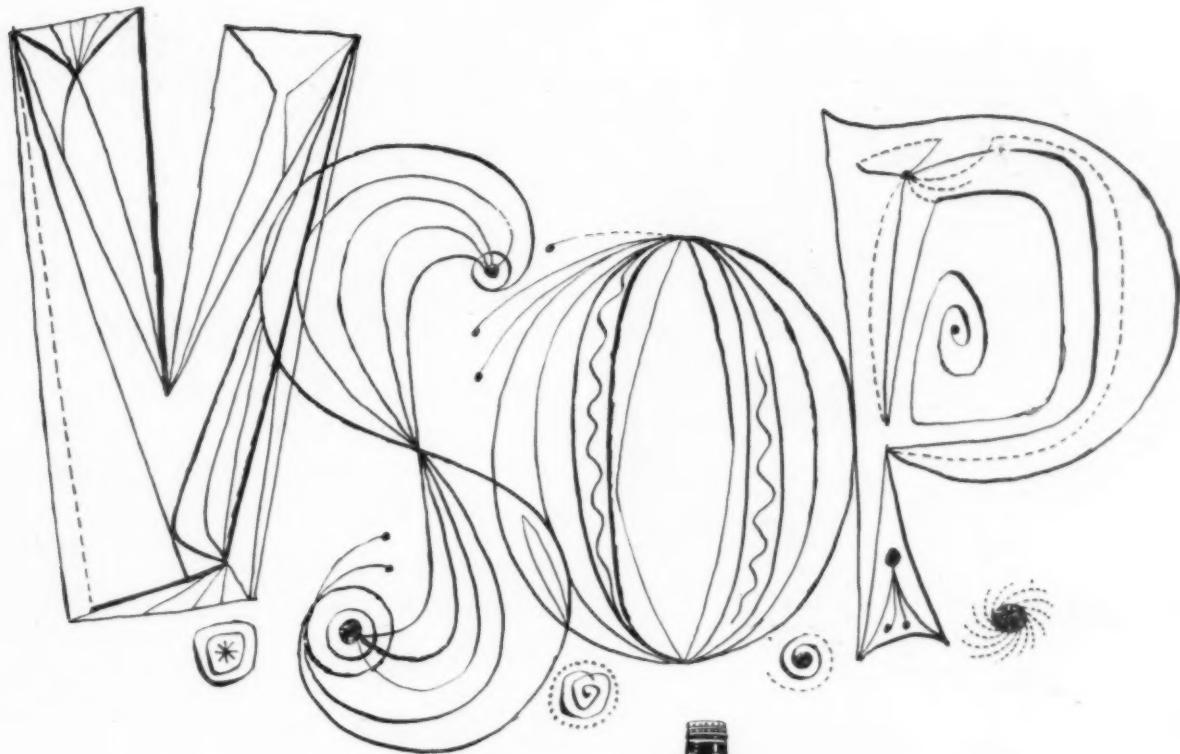


Ask at your leading Outfitter.

**Waddington's
'REBEL'**

WADDINGTON'S - a GOOD name for GLOVES!
G. WADDINGTON & SON LTD. NEWLAND, HULL

Wad927



What do these famous letters mean?



No one seems quite to remember. The Hennessy family in Cognac say that when they first used the symbol many decades ago, letters such as V.S.O.P. and X.O., as well as the famous * markings, were chalked on the hogsheads of brandy by the blender as his personal guide to the brandy's maturity. V.S.O.P. probably meant 'Very Special Old Pale'.

Nowadays, however, as an indication of age and quality, the letters V.S.O.P. on liqueur brandies have become as equivocal in the brandy trade as the description 'Final Night Extra' on an evening newspaper.

But one thing is certain. The label 'V.S.O.P.' means nothing unless coupled with the name of a shipper whose stocks are good

enough, large enough and old enough to ensure continuity of quality and age.

Note for the Curious. Why 'Very Special Old PALE'? Because once upon a time there was a fashion for BROWN BRANDY, which was heavily coloured by the addition of burnt sugar.

An Invitation to a Memorable Experience

When you are on holiday in France, visit the Hennessy premises in Cognac. There you will learn with your own eyes and palate what V.S.O.P. was originally meant to stand for.

You will see the vast stocks of matured and maturing brandies. You will be able to taste their quality—choosing at random from this hogshead and that: and

you will learn why Hennessy loses none of its brilliance as it ages, but rather gains in character as it mellows in the wood.

You will learn from such a visit why no one in the world can offer you a better choice of genuinely aged Liqueur Cognacs than—

HENNESSY
V.S.O.P. — X.O. — EXTRA

P.S.—Hennessy ★★ is very often served as a liqueur, and why not? It is drawn from the very same stocks as its elder brothers and matured for many years in wood.

Incidentally, it was Maurice Hennessy who, in the year 1865, chose the star as a symbol, inspired by the device embodied in the window catch in his office. You can see it for yourself when you visit Cognac.



F. S. C stands for FACTORY SEALED CHARGE. The Golden Crompton Battery is charged before it leaves the factory, but the charge does not become effective until the acid is added at the garage. The advantages? Your garage can stock charged Crompton batteries ready for immediate use. No running down, no deterioration. You can be sure of an absolutely fresh battery that will give you long life.

Ask your garage for a
GOLDEN Crompton
the battery with **F. S. C**



ALL THE CROMPTON QUALITY
FEATURES PLUS F. S. C
MADE BY CROMPTON PARKINSON
LIMITED.



Whatever the weather you are 'Set Fair' with
a Battersby Weather-Resistant Hat

LOOK FOR THIS MARK



Battersby

WEATHER-RESISTANT HATS FOR MEN

TRAFAVGAR SQUARE • LONDON • OBTAINABLE FROM MOST GOOD HATTERS

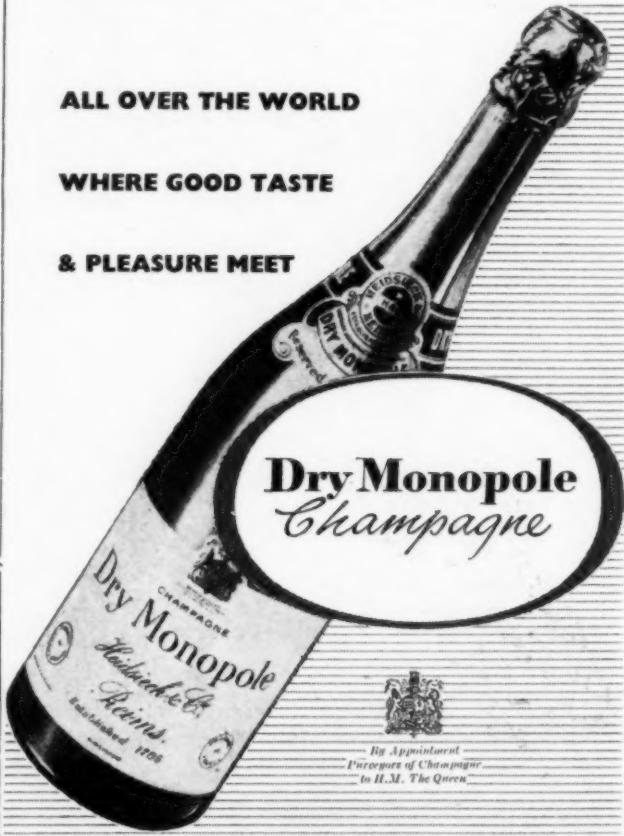


'THE AMBASSADOR' HAT BY BATTERSBY

ALL OVER THE WORLD

WHERE GOOD TASTE

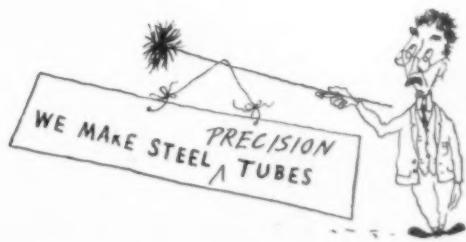
& PLEASURE MEET





Accles & Pollock make a clean sweep with steel tubes

Here's a heat-resisting (stainless) steel tube specially made by Accles & Pollock for a soot-blowing apparatus. It goes on working long after more ordinary metals would have disintegrated to uselessness. And that's real economy—spending a little more to gain a great deal more!





*"I think I'd like a little whisky.
I happen to know they've some White Horse."*



CHARIVARIA

BRITISH sportsmen were badly shaken by that cup-tie incident at Worcester when, during a demonstration against the referee, the home centre-forward was knocked out by a stone hurled from the crowd. It is thought that a training scheme may shortly be inaugurated to improve the accuracy of missile-throwing at sporting events, before spectators start getting hit.

Interested

DR. EDWARD LOFGREN discloses that the newly-discovered anti-neutron, in collision with the ordinary old-fashioned neutron, will release "several hundred times as much energy" as the hydrogen bomb. From a scientist this strikes many laymen as a pretty slovenly bit of information. Can he be more precise, please?

Pan-American

LONDON Airport's supposed blunder in broadcasting "Star-Spangled Banner" instead of the "Marseillaise" when M. Mollet arrived from Paris the other day was of course merely a premature



introduction of an imminent practice. Before long "Star-Spangled Banner" will be automatically played everywhere whenever anyone flies in from anywhere.

By Kind Permission

RECOGNITION should be made of official clear-sightedness in postponing the call-up of agricultural workers due for National Service, thus helping farmers just when they need it most. Government public relations men are

expected to circularize parish clergy any day now, recommending them to slip in a word for the War Office during their Harvest Thanksgiving services.

That Sang-froid Again

PROFESSOR Gordon Manley's revelation that British coal stocks are appreciably affected by the custom in Northern towns of lighting a mid-week sitting-room fire for "an institution called 'courting night'" is said to have caused no surprise among the French.

Special for V.I.P.s

MUCH colourful writing has come out of Africa this last week; not one bizarre cameo of the dark Continent blinking in



the glare of white royalty has escaped the vigilant chroniclers. Miss Sylvia Lamond, of the *Sunday Express*, excelled particularly with her description of the Mombasa reception, when hundreds of little black children, waving flags, ran along the processional route "barefoot."

Anyone Looking?

LITTLE excitement was caused by the affair at Council Bluffs, Iowa, when a \$55,000-dollar gold-brick dropped on a postal worker's foot and broke it. Public attention was taken up at the time with the \$64,000 brick Mr. Randolph Churchill had just dropped on TV.

What's the Use?

ENTHUSIASM among women readers of the *Star*, which urged them into a recent prize competition with such inflammatory material as "Do you lose

patience with a man-managed world?" and "Have you ever said 'If I were in power I'd show 'em'?" slumped sickeningly when they came to that bit at the end, "The Editor's decision is final."

Double Bluff

CUSTOMS officers in Malaya are to have courses of instruction bringing



them up to date with modern smuggling dodges, says a dispatch from Kuala Lumpur, as "hiding diamonds in the heels of shoes, and opium in hockey-sticks" are devices now officially considered old hat. Practised contrabandists are saying nothing, but laying in stocks of thick-heeled shoes and hollow hockey-sticks.

Oh, That!

As sensitive nerve-centres of international relations Sport and the Arts have been well to the fore lately, and the reluctant visionary has dreamed of the incendiary discus and the ballet-shoe with atomic warhead. A sense of unreality therefore seemed to shimmer behind the lines of a report that Mr. Gennadi Popov, of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, had been expelled for "attempting to obtain secrets of Canada's new CF-105 jet fighter."

Age of Enlightenment

SIR WILLIAM PENNEY (under the Ministry of Supply) deserves warm commendation for his handling of the Maralinga experiment, and not only for demonstrating, by innumerable postponements, that the weather is just as

much of a threat to the atom bomb as the bomb is to the weather. His respect for the Sabbath has won universal acclaim: devices for killing thousands are plainly secular. His precautions have been exemplary, notably in the reported assurances to Australians that the explosion of the bomb would not bring peril to "even the meanest scrubland homestead": many men would have been content to guarantee immunity just for four-bedroomed houses and upwards, but this scrupulous regard for the humblest of mankind and their teeming little ones is surely the apotheosis of democracy.

Panic Over

AFTER the surge of public confidence engendered by the "Fly Now, Pay Later" policy it seemed a step back for American airlines to introduce a rule that passengers must pay for their seats "at least six hours before the time of departure." It is understood that publicity is now being rushed forward explaining that this is merely a precaution against the cancellation of bookings—or, to put it another way, in case customers don't fly, not in case they do.

Minority Opinion

Pace

Liberace,

We prefer the noise which is
Moiseiwitsch's.



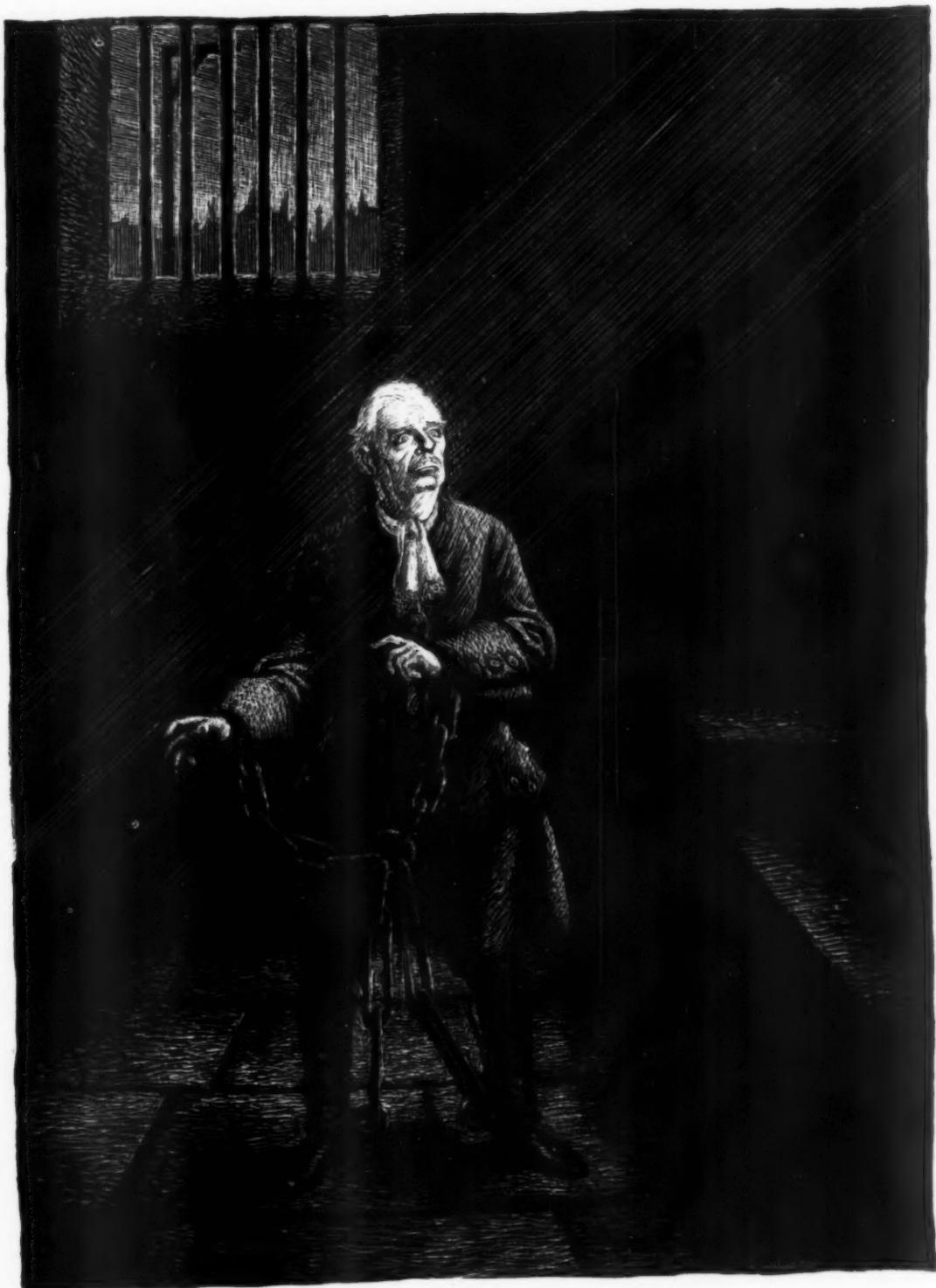
The Five Hats

FIVE little hats—and, husbands, by the way,
Observe the price, and give a gay Hooray:
Five little hats! The Russian rulers yell—
The sportsmen strike—the ballet-boys rebel
(Though Art and Sport believe they have a clue
To keep things sweeter than the statesmen do)—
The Queen of Discus captive in South Ken,
While ballerinas bully Number Ten:
"Suspend the laws, and let the lady go,
Or Bolermova will not lift a toe!"
Mad men in Moscow think that we could "frame"
A girl who might defeat us at a game.
(No wonder novelists are in the blues:
Imagination cannot match the news.)

Britain, as usual, is blamed too much:
The prosecutor in the case was Dutch:
And our policemen, little birds remark,
Did all they could to keep the matter dark.
"De minimis . . . A trifle!" some complain:
Such citizens should go to school again.
How oft in England's history appear
Tremendous trifles—such as Jenkins' ear!
"Five Members" still inspire the growing male:
"Five Hats" may now be added to the tale.
For this is Freedom's front and fighting trench,
That Ministers may not command the Bench.
King James the First was pulled up very short
When he proposed to take a seat in court.
King James the Second made the nation sob
By tampering with judges at their job.
But so the Stuarts led us to the heights,
A lofty measure called the Bill of Rights,
By which the Crown may not, for any cause,
Suspend, dispense with, or obstruct the laws.
And should we let these old defences go
To buy the best of ballerinas? No.
For God has made the human race in halves,
And Britons never, never will be Slavs.

But then a thought to freeze a Briton's veins,
The Prisoner of Kensington, remains.
She is a Champion, and it's not, we know,
Her way, her nature, to avoid the foe.
I see a pitiful but fighting Nina
Itching to throw things in a new arena.
But nobody must put the blame on us:
She was incarcerated by the Russ.
And are they free, as many seem to think,
To keep a stranger in a private clink?
If you or I detained her for a day
Old *Habeas Corpus* would be on his way.
Here is the horror that should shock the State,
A prisoner—untried—in W.8.
If this is lawful (I believe it's not)
The laws of nations should be changed a lot.
And let us manfully amend our own
That other travellers may have no moan—
A friendly Statute with a single clause:
"All foreigners may violate our laws."

A. P. H.



Macheath: *But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.—The Beggar's Opera*

Make Your Pools Pay

By ALEX ATKINSON

AWAYS look tricky this week. Bushmeyer, Lum City's newly-signed South African right-winger, is the man to watch in their Unger Park tussle with Mabble, now three from the bottom and weakened by the loss of Ernie Hutter, latest victim of the cricked-neck epidemic. Stocky Bushmeyer(already Fat-Guts to the fans) might well upset Mabble's "defence in depth" plan, and I look for a home victory here, with a draw next best, although the possibility of an away cannot be ruled out. Other key matches are dealt with here.

Stackley U. v. Rubble. Rubble's away record at Clinker Park for last five games is $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$. United should hold them this time, though much depends on Harry Igger's elbow, accidentally bitten through by Gomm City's winger Murke in Thursday's friendly at The Dip. Draw next best, and if Ned Rumble turns out at left-half a lively battle may ensue if the rain continues, which may easily result in an away victory. Possibility also of abandonment cannot be ruled out, if the Park becomes water-logged. Altogether, this looks a good thing.

More punters win with Dribbler than with any other prophet. Last week he gave six homes out of forty-five matches—a record.

Scarston v. Ogg Utd. Ogg have yet to find top form, but Scarston (who narrowly escaped relegation last season) are minus Lipp, Arthur Nudge, Mabberley and Cork. Billy Rutter, Ogg's costly purchase from City, may meet his match in Scarston's centre-half Gripe, who last week wrecked the plans of Marshpit Rovers at the Dyke, where his quick thinking deprived the Rovers of Jim Rupp for the last twenty minutes. Ogg have not won a game at home this season, and Scarston have yet to chalk up an away victory. Saturday's match may prove the turning point for one of them, although the possibility of a draw cannot be ruled out.

Reech City v. Uttley Junction. Best left alone. City have lost five times at home to Uttley, the Junction have never mastered Reech at Uttley Road, and neither side has chalked up a draw this season. If Atter turns out for the City, watch out for sparks when Cubble and Dipper settle old scores. Bert Cubble has not forgotten Atter's lively tackling in the last Dump Avenue thriller, when a kick in the throat from Atter led to the fracas in the Uttley goalmouth in which Dipper, Atter, Bulge, Loafman and Cusp were sent off and Cubble removed to hospital with a suspected neck fracture. Interest here will centre on City's newly-signed 'keeper, Ed Neggington from Ullermouth Rangers. On current form neither side should force a draw. I cannot see the Junction gaining any points, but Reech City may not prove good enough for a home. If City were playing Dullidge County instead, this might have proved a fairly safe away.

Ashcorn Rovers v. Lumpington. This looks good for the visitors. In the past the fixture has resulted as follows: 3-0, 6-1, 2-0, 4-1, 4-0, 7-2, 4-0, 5-1. Time seems ripe for Lumpington to break the hoodoo of Ashcorn Vale, where they have yet to

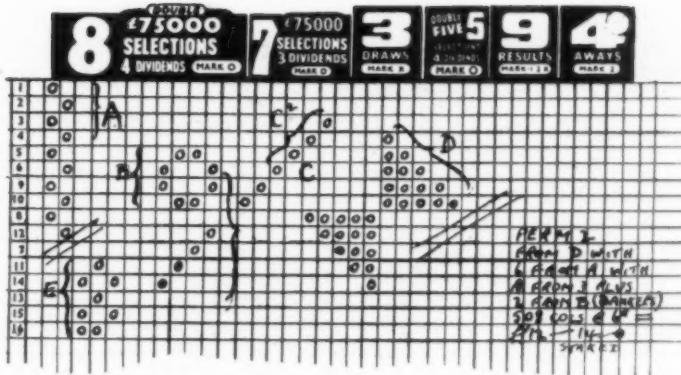


"Break his leg!"

register a victory. Possibility of a home cannot be overlooked, and the game may result in a draw if neither side manages to score. Lumpington's trump card may be centre-forward Bugle, whose storming tactics upset Dunburn United's much-vaunted H-plan last week. Warned twice for gouging, he stayed on the field long enough to slam home four goals in as many minutes before being carried off with a lacerated hip and minus four front teeth.

THE FAMILY MAN PERM

Many readers have asked for a simplified version of the famous Family Man Perm, which netted three pounds eleven shillings at the end of last season



for Mr. R. B. of Runcorn. Mr. R. B. writes "With the Family Man Perm you cannot lose. Carry on, Dribbler! You

will always be my Guide." Simplified version for small punters is given above. Cut out and keep.

British Refs Still Supreme

Says BILLY TRUFFNEL, famous Cup Final and World Series referee, in this exclusive interview with BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"YOU'll find him in his workshop," said Mrs. Truffnel, and she spat lightly against the sole of her iron. Before her on the ironing board were the famous shorts, shirt and blazer of the "Accrington Arbitrator," probably the most popular and certainly the most knowledgeable referee in big-time football ever to tread the sacred Wembley turf. "Oh, yes, I do all his washing," said Mrs. T., "always have done. You can't trust laundries: they cut bits off—you know, buttons and things—as souvenirs. Even when he's abroad, reffing in Rio, Rome or somewhere, he always sends his togs home to be washed."

Billy was doing press-ups in the garden shed that is his sanctum. He looked wonderfully fit. "I won't deny," he said, as we shook hands, "that a certain amount of feeling has crept into international soccer these last few years, but I don't altogether blame the players, I blame the man with the whistle."

"Some people think it would be better," I said, "to give up world soccer and let international relations take their own course."

"That's nonsense. Big-time soccer is a safety valve. Since the war serious trouble has arisen only between countries that *don't* play each other at soccer. There'd be no Suez problem if the

Gyppos had played at Wembley. Besides, total mobilization is unthinkable when half the world's budgets are balanced by taxing football and pools. Ruin the gates and your national economy's up the creek."

"But you must have seen many ugly incidents?"

"Nothing very serious. In South America the pitches are protected by moats and heavy barbed-wire entanglements, and there's always a good supply of tear-gas handy. In eastern Europe a single hovering helicopter and a few machine-guns are usually enough to prevent demonstrations. In Spain . . ."

"I suppose you played yourself as a young man?"

"Never kicked a ball in my life. It all started way back in '06 when I left Park Avenue elementary, went to work as a wick-drawer's confederate—yes,

that's the correct Board of Trade definition of the job, and yes, I have been on 'What's My Line?'—and attended the Jubilee Institute evening classes in applied chemistry. It was there that I met that great winger Harry Harrison, and he put me on to it."

"Refereeing?"

"Yes. Referees in those days were a poor lot, illiterate and unorganized. Most of them were part-time newsgirls and baths-attendants—little men, prematurely bald with spindly legs. Then the F.A. and the F.O. took a hand. Very wisely they foresaw that the days of our sporting hegemony were numbered, so they decided as it were to colonize the world with first-rate British referees. There was a training scheme and exams and—"

"You passed them all with flying colours?"

"Yes and no. I took my novices certificate in 1921. Two credits. Ploughed my inter. in '25, took it again and passed in '29, and so qualified to act as linesman in Central League and Southern Combination fixtures."

"You were a linesman, eh?"

"Yes, and believe it or not, being on the line is much tougher than working the whistle. The linesman, remember, is nearer the crowd, nearer the apple cores and empty bottles. He's expected to be partisan, to indicate off-side when



the opposition scores 'and flag for a penalty whenever the home centre-forward falls down. However, I made out all right and took my finals. Eighty-five per cent, with distinctions in Obstruction, Body Checking and Name-taking. That was in '35."

"And you've never looked back."

"Touch wood. Of course, all the refinements of refereeing come later with experience. What the spectators like to see in a referee are slick mannerisms—the way he examines the net before the game starts, the dramatic pointing to the penalty spot, the arm-waving and head-shaking, the crooked arm to summon the trainer, and the explosive reprimand when some visiting player behaves in an unsporting manner. When you're refereeing overseas you have to pile the histrionics on pretty thick."

"How about injuries?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary. I've had ankles broken, of course, and arms twisted, and once I got a knife in my

side. But I've been lucky. I get about two hundred threatening letters and 'phone calls before every game, and the police collect them every Friday night. On the Continent and in South America I have a bodyguard. You get used to the danger after a time."

"Looking back, Billy, what would you say have been the highlights of your career?"

"There've been so many. The Rio match between Hungary and Liberia, Hungary v. Spain at Zurich, Russia v. Yugoslavia at Kiev, Arsenal v. Wednesday in the Cup . . . never forget *that* game. That was the day my watch stopped and I let the second half go on for nearly three hours. Arsenal were losing by the odd goal, so naturally nobody at Highbury wanted me to blow for full-time. But the reporters, worried by their dead-lines——"

"Yes, yes, I remember that. Well, Billy, this has been most interesting. Two final questions—would you say

that standards of refereeing have improved during recent years, or not?"

"Without a doubt. The guaranteed wage and the pensions fund have worked wonders. But there's still the danger of Communist infiltration. I don't think the country realizes that commies now control one match in seven. It's a situation fraught with possibilities, I'd say."

"And the finest footballer you've ever seen?"

"That's easy. Stan Matthews, of course. Mind you, I don't like calling him Stan: it's like saying Gordon instead of Sir Gordon and Don instead of Sir Don. But he's the ideal footballer from the ref's point of view. Never questions a decision, and rivets the crowd's attention on himself. Why, when Stan's playing I can pop a peppermint into my mouth or shake the spittle out of my whistle without anyone being any the wiser."

(*Not to be reproduced as a whole or in part*)

A Time for Clear Thinking

THE multiplication of representative Association Football matches has for some time exercised the minds of thinking people. To the time-honoured programme of home internationals and inter-League games are added, in ever-increasing numbers, the challenges of foreign countries anxious to pit their skill against the ancient motherland of this great game. The European Championship adds complexity to the crowded scene, while any time now the World Cup Competition will again be upon us. If to the list of full internationals be added the engagements of "B" teams and the frequent interchanges with leading clubs abroad (in themselves of a near-representational character), the need

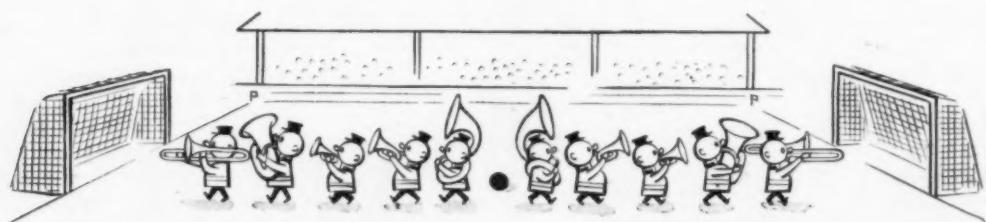
for careful planning of fixture-lists, and perhaps in the long run a reappraisal of our whole football policy, brooks no argument.

A cry has been raised, in some quarters, for a limitation of our international engagements. There is a danger, it is argued, that representative soccer will get out of hand, that our leading players will be unable to get through one season in time to start training for the next. Our domestic League and Cup-tie programme will suffer unless an uncompromising negative is returned to all but the leading twenty or thirty challengers from overseas.

This is the language of pusillanimity. We must either go forward or go under.

By H. F. ELLIS

Should the day dawn when England declines a legitimate challenge, be it from Bolivia or Siam, on the pretext that she already has a fixture with Turkey for the same afternoon, our prestige will sink to a level from which even a draw with Uruguay would hardly suffice to rescue it. The refusal will be put down to defeatism—and rightly. If we are ever to regain the proud position that was ours before other countries started to play us we must show ourselves ready and willing to meet anybody, at any time, anywhere. More, it is our duty actively to seek fresh engagements, offering dates, as opportunity arises, even to countries such as Tibet who may not as yet have taken up the game. The time is past



when we could afford to sit complacently at home, daring others to defy us.

There is a dangerous misconception, believed to be current at headquarters, that nations supposedly weaker than ourselves can safely be ignored, or at least fobbed off with a reserve team. Nothing could be farther from the truth. At a time when our national policy is rightly to avoid giving offence in any circumstances to anybody, the worst possible impression would be given by a curt refusal to play, say, Costa Rica. Even on a purely materialistic basic Costa Rica is probably strong enough, in a football sense, to retaliate by buying up most of our leading players; and in the field of world opinion any such return to the old out-dated Palmerstonian attitude would make the name of English football stink from Mexico "B" to Peru. The only sane, the only dignified policy, which would carry with it the approval of the whole civilized world, and might well in addition have the backing of Mr. Fenner Brockway and the *Manchester Guardian*, is to give an unhesitating "Yes" to every demand from overseas.

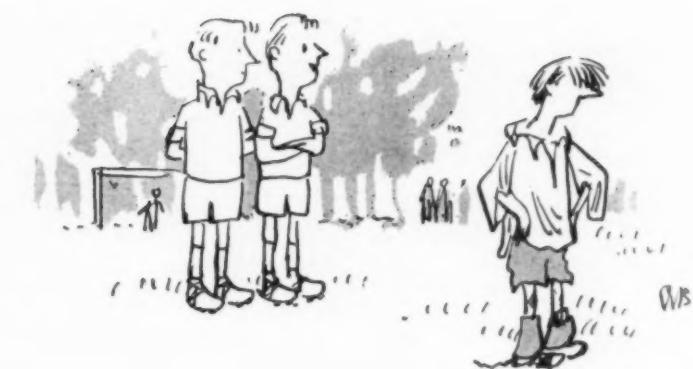
Naturally, there will be difficulties at first, and minor adjustments to be made. Some duplication and confusion are perhaps inevitable in a crowded fixture list, where all are welcome. But it is unlikely that any situation will arise which patience, tact, and a willingness to compromise cannot resolve. Suppose, to take a Wednesday afternoon at random, that England, whose "B" team have just left Lausanne for Basra, are due to play Norway in a full international at Wembley, Scotland are entertaining Portugal, while Wales are at home to Ecuador. The stage is set for what has been well called a feast of football when a bus-load of quiet flat-faced men, believed to be Outer Mongolians, arrives at Highbury

flourishing postcards inviting them to play England there. Obviously, in such a case, it is worse than useless to suggest that they have come on the wrong Wednesday, or to offer them a game with a hurriedly assembled England "C." Mongol opinion would be alienated throughout the world. The proper course, having due regard to national sentiment, is to suggest that Mongolia play Norway instead, with England perhaps to meet the winners later on by floodlight. Or, if they saw through that, some kind of triangular tournament, playing twenty minutes each way, might be arranged.

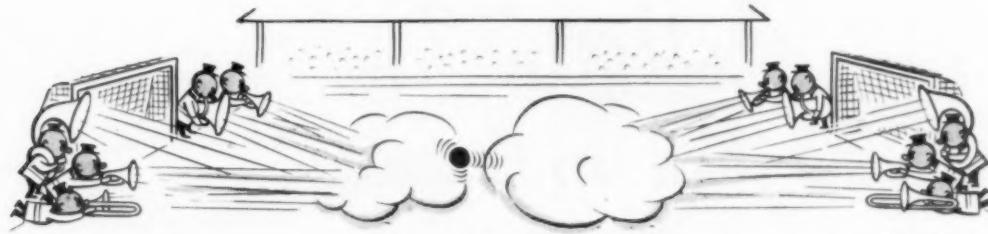
It may well be objected, by those with a close insight into the realities of the international scene, that the problem here posed is too elementary to carry conviction. What, it will be asked, is to happen if the situation is further complicated by the arrest of one of the Mongolian team for failing to give a good account of himself at Baker Street? Mongolia, despite a well-meant offer from India to intervene, would almost certainly decline to play, Ecuador might pack their bags in sympathy, and the attitude of Portugal would be at best

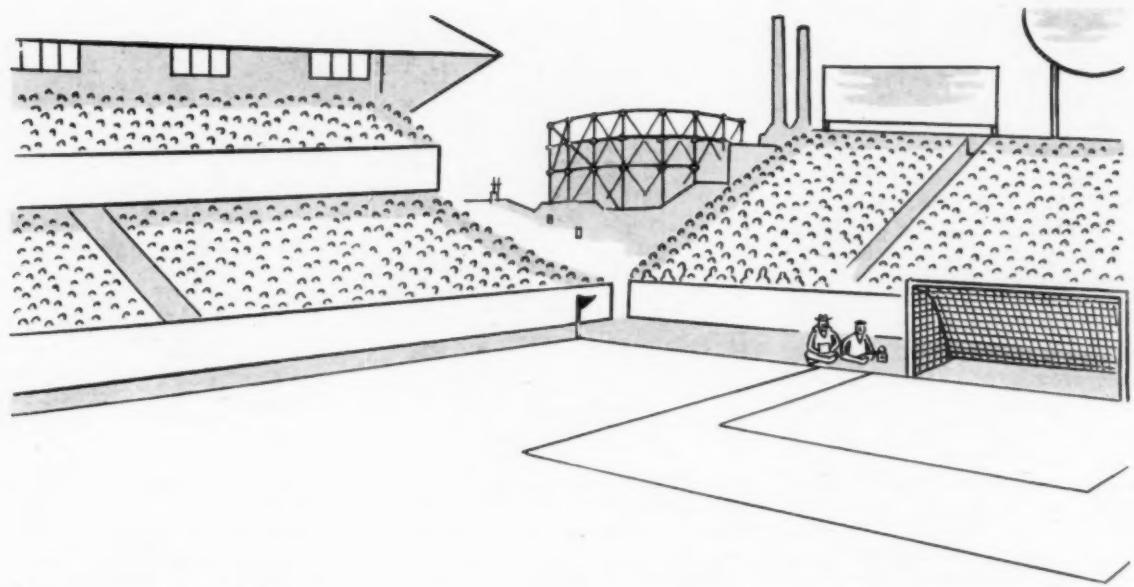
uncertain. Is it suggested that an affair of this kind could be smoothed over by a patched-up match between Wales and Norway at Hampden Park? Certainly there would be a need, in such circumstances, for the exercise of restraint and understanding. Cool heads and a determination to prove our goodwill beyond question (e.g. by an immediate offer to send an English side to Vietnam) would be the primary requirements. Once an atmosphere of mutual understanding was established it should not be difficult to arrive at some agreed formula. It might be possible, for instance, for the matches to go ahead more or less as arranged, on condition that arrested players surrendered afterwards to their bail, and that the results of the games were subject to later annulment or amendment according to the findings of a Council of Conciliation, consisting of Yugoslavia, Spain, Chile, Indonesia and, of course, India.

Some sacrifice of our football sovereignty will be a small price to pay if we can thereby re-earn the affection and respect of football fans alike in the playing-fields of the New World and the pavilions of the gorgeous East.



"His father's a professional."





"Chiropodist . . ."

Ad Lib

By CHARLES REID

AS I swarmed up the side of *Queen Mary*, boarding cutlass between my teeth, tape recorder strapped to my paunch, Liberace's manager, who has a pale Berber look and wears bright ruby corduroy, switched the dead cigar stub from one corner of his mouth to the next and shouted into the ship-shore telephone: "Hey, Rome. Seymour Heller here. Have you got me a hard date yet for Liberace's audience with the Pope? Better get moving, boy."

Two men in chefs' hats delicately manœuvred a bier sheathed in patterned tinfoil through the cluttered suite. On the bier was a sugar-iced model of Liberace's piano with black notes in liquorice and roses a-peep where the strings should be. Squeezing himself against the cabin wall to let the trophy by, Mr. Heller switched his cigar stump again and respectfully exclaimed "Oh me, oh my." Then he took me by the elbow to an upper-deck garden lounge where Liberace, Mom, and Brother George were in the thick of a family kissing session for panting, sweating photographers.

Liberace has caressing, doggy-brown eyes in an off-cream face. Before breakfast each day he switches on a dimpled, melting smile and, apart from an occasional two-minute breather, keeps it aglow until bedtime. Could he, I ask, give me a bit of writer's colour, a touch of actuality detail, about the laying-on of hands he claims to have had from Paderewski as a boy? Liberace leaves off kissing Mom. A reverent twinge overtakes his twinkle.

"Paderewski," he says, "came to see Mom in Milwaukee because he had known Mom's mother in Europe. After greetings with Mom and conversation in regard to my grandmother, I was brought into the conversation. Paderewski asked me to play for him. I played his minuet and a Chopin étude. He told my parents 'Some day this boy will take my place.' I was then seven."

Rather a bald account, it struck me. I was about to ask Liberace if he expected a profile-writer to make bricks without clay or a kiln, not to mention straw, when the photographers, who had reloaded, charged again and nearly trampled me to death. I took

up my point later with Mom over a healing beaker of sour milk in a sheltered corner of the lounge.

Plump, mild and, I should say, highly eueptic, Mom is in her middle fifties. The twinkle behind her lenses is the one Liberace has inherited, intensified and annealed for the soul-comfort of thirty-five million American televiwers. Brought up in Wisconsin's Polish-German colony, Mom talks English that creaks occasionally. She calls her son Liberace like everybody else. At the time of the Paderewski incident, so far as I can make out from the hagiography, Mom ran a grocery store and Salvatore, her Italian-born husband, a French horn which was regularly heard in the International Harvester Band and in Milwaukee's Schlitz Palm Garden.

"Now, Mom," I coax, "I want to picture the scene when Paderewski came to your house. What year, what month was it?"

"I don't just recall which year."

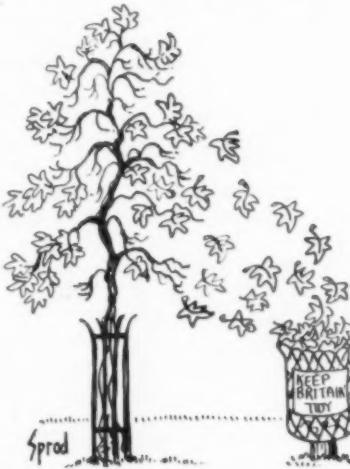
"If Liberace was seven at the time it must have been 1926?"

"I guess it must have been 1926."

"Give me the picture, Mom. Where were you living? In what kind of house?"

"Don't just recall where we were living. Not over the grocery store, that's a fact. We had a nice cottage, six rooms."

"What did Paderewski look like? What was he wearing? Was he looking old or was he still straightbacked?"



"It is many years ago. Paderewski spent very little time with us. That is because he was very busy."

"He liked your son's playing, I gather."

"Oh, yes."

Pause.

"Tell me what Paderewski said to Liberace."

"He said 'I would love to hear you play, Walter.' (Walter is what we called Liberace as a little boy.) And Liberace said 'I would love to play, Mr. Paderewski, for you.' He played Paderewski's minuet by ear. All his music he played by ear. When Liberace had got through the playing, Paderewski said 'When I will be gone, you will take my place, because you have the same technique like I have. Just keep that up.'"

"But Liberace was only seven. Bit young for Paderewski to be so cocksure?"

"Paderewski could tell."

Riding next day on Liberace's special train from Southampton to Waterloo, my ears ringing with the feral squeals of Liberace's girl addicts, I reflected upon the skill with which Liberace has not only worn Paderewski's mantle but put sequins on it and a sable collar. Nine years after the laying-on of hands, he had himself billed in night clubs as Walter Busterkeys. One night he winked at his hearers while playing. That wink was germinal. "The applause it got," says Liberace, "gave me the idea how to make piano playing pay."

Just one thing Paderewski did that Liberace hasn't done yet. I slipped along to Mr. Heller's coupé to ask whether Liberace is going to have a pot one day at being President of the Polish Republic. But Mr. Heller, anxiety sweat drying on his forehead, was sleeping the sleep of achievement. When news came through from Rome that the Papal Audience had been firmly dated he took two headache pills, closed his eyes with a happy sigh and said not to disturb him until Waterloo, where, with all those fans on the boil, he'd have to look lively enough.

"Germans May Seek Atomic Weapons
Basis for Reducing Allied Troops"

The Times

Frank, anyway.



The Spy Ring

By INEZ HOLDEN

AT one time I was subject to slight attacks of persecution mania which tended to get worse whenever I saw my cousin Freddy. So I went to Switzerland. I chose Geneva not only because I thought it had an undemanding and almost anonymous atmosphere but also because it was reasonably far from Fred and I knew that he did not like Geneva.

I was sitting alone at a café eating ice-cream out of a long glass and looking sideways at the lake while thinking about Freedom—freedom from want, freedom from ham, freedom from jam, and above all freedom from Fred, when my cousin Freddy himself came up.

Even my uncle used to describe his elder son, Fred, as "unsatisfactory," and this was a masterpiece of understatement when one considered that Fred

was argumentative, unstable, a liar and often drunk. Fred also had persecution mania, but with him it was permanent and he talked about it permanently.

So when Fred asked if he could sit at my table I answered that I did not invite him, although I realized that I might not be strong enough physically to prevent him.

Fred, therefore, sat down beside me, ordered himself a drink and asked me where I was staying.

I waved vaguely in the direction of the lake, said "Over there," and added that I could not remember the name of the village; then I asked my cousin about the curious metal contraption he was wearing attached to the lapel of his jacket.

"It is a camera," he said. "You see, I can photograph people without

arousing their suspicions." He stared at me through his pale eyes, then smiling with a sort of idiotic contentment he said "As a matter of fact I can sit here all morning snapping the spies."

By this time I had realized that not only was Freddy's persecution mania no better but now he had developed spy mania as well.

"Who are you working for these days?" he asked.

"Myself," I answered as I got up to leave.

The next morning my cousin Fred turned up again at the same café; he had the same persecution mania, the same spy mania, the same piece of metal which he called "the secret camera." He was still slightly drunk and he sat down again on the same chair at my table.

"About your not being able to

remember the name of the village you're staying in," he said. "I telephoned your hotel this morning—your hotel here in Geneva. I found you out."

"Do you mean you found me out in dissimulation or you found that I had gone out?" I asked.

"And about your saying that you were working on your own," he went on without troubling to answer my question. "Well, I happen to know that at this very moment you are being employed by a big combine."

I watched a motor-boat crossing the lake and wished I was in it.

"Funny to think you've always called me a liar," Freddy was saying; "and of course you've always preferred my brother Charles to me."

I avoided the obvious answer "Who wouldn't?" and went on watching the departing motor-boat in a mood of interest and anxiety.

"I only bring this question up," Fred continued, "to warn you against involving Charles in your organization."

"Why should I? Charles has never been a newspaper man." A flicker of doubt seemed to shadow Fred's fanatical face, then he said "You know I'm not

talking about journalism. I meant the whole colossal spy ring with which you are concerned."

The next day I went to another café. It was hot, gloomy and hazy with cigarette smoke, but at least I could not see Fred. Nevertheless within ten minutes he came out from behind a potted palm-tree two tables away.

I asked him to stop following me.

"How can you say that when I was here first?" he answered and, as usual, he sat down beside me and ordered himself a double brandy.

Soon Freddy was droning on about being followed everywhere by spies dressed as clergymen, while I was staring idly at a heavy brass jug without any flowers in it—wondering why it had been left on the table since it seemed to have no particular purpose there. Some of the spies, Freddy said, were disguised as scoutmasters, others as Sisters of Mercy, but whatever the uniform they adopted it was always him they were watching.

I asked Freddy if he believed that the waiter who had just brought him yet another double brandy was also a spy.

"Of course not," Freddy said. "He's

a counter-espionage agent." Then Fred sank his voice to a low conspiratorial level. "You know what happened to me last night?"

"Tell me again just to remind me," I said, seeing that he was going to anyhow.

"My clothes were stolen."

"All of them?"

"No, only my shirt, socks, vest and underpants. You see, I sleep in a different place every evening. Last night I had planned to stay at the flat of a friend of an acquaintance, and then at the last moment, just to throw dust in the enemies' eyes, I went back to the old place, the one with the small bedroom and the large kitchen with the cupboard in it. I put most of my clothes away in the cupboard as usual, but by this morning they had been taken away."

"Who took them away?"

"Ah, who brought them back?—that's the point. Finally I found them in the kitchen. Neatly folded up—in the oven. What do you think of that?"

I was only able to think how easily a drunken man, such as Fred, might mistake a large oven for a small cupboard.





"It's all right for a holiday, lass, but you can't live in the Third Division South."

"You do not say anything," Fred remarked. "And that does not altogether surprise me since you're surely in the conspiracy yourself."

"Look, Fred," I said, "just shut up. Do you mind?"

"Governessy as ever," Fred shouted after me as I went out; and that night in my hotel bedroom the telephone rang three times, and each time I heard no words but only heavy breathing and light crafty laughter.

The next day, without leaving any address, I moved to Ferney-Voltaire. I hoped Fred would not follow me over the border into France. I imagined that he would go to the airport and watch every flight out, so I decided to return to England by rail and boat. But even in the train I feared that every passenger might be Freddy in disguise, and in the ship I shied away from the

lifeboat in case cousin Fred was concealed beneath the tarpaulin. When I fell asleep the foolish face of Freddy figured in my dreams with his pale eyes, his absurd "secret camera," his persecution mania and his idiotic talk of spy rings and conspiracies. Then I woke up thinking that all I needed now was a world which did not contain cousin Freddy. It seemed to me that I had never wanted less, and yet I could not be certain of getting it.

I had wired to my cousin Charles to meet me at Victoria station, but he came to Dover by car and we drove out to a pub in the country for a late breakfast.

Charles was not completely at his ease. He seemed to have something on his mind, and at last he said "Look, about my brother Freddy. I had a long-distance call from him last night. From Geneva."

"Good," I said. "That means he's still there. Did he say anything about me?"

"As a matter of fact he did. That was the purpose of his call. He said he'd met you in Geneva and that you'd been very cruel to him."

"How could I be cruel to Freddy?" "Mental cruelty was what he said."

I remembered again the brass jug on my table in the café. A jug of that weight if aimed carefully could probably knock a man senseless, and it occurred to me now that I might not have been staring at it as idly as I had supposed at the time.

"Lucky for Fred it was only mental cruelty, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Of course I don't mind your saying so," Charles answered. "I dare say you noticed that poor old Fred's more or less lost his reason now. It's very sad for him."

"Not so sad for Fred as it would be for most people."

"Why not?" Charles asked.

"Because I don't think he had much reason to begin with."

"I'm so glad you see it like that," Charles said, "because he asked me to give you a message. I refused at first, but you know how persistent he can be."

"I do indeed. What was the message?"

"Well, Freddy said how deeply shocked he had been at your cruel attitude towards him in Geneva, and then he said 'I should be glad if you would convey to my cousin the message that I should no longer have any pleasure in seeing her.'"

ε ε

Query

WHAT has become of Nature's Gentlemen?

Time was when almost everyone could quote

Instances of this curious social note. It is not now as then.

Another point with this is closely linked:

For surely Nature's Bounders, too, abounded,

A fortiori. I would be astounded if they were all extinct.

PETER DICKINSON



Hertfordshire

I HAD forgotten Hertfordshire,
The large unwelcome fields of roots
Where with my knickerbockered sire
I trudged in syndicated shoots;

And that unlucky day when I
Fired by mistake into the ground
Under a Lionel Edwards sky
And felt disapprobation round.

The slow drive home by motor-car,
A heavy Rover Landaulette,
Through Welwyn, Hatfield, Potters Bar,
Tweed and cigar smoke, gloom and wet:

"How many times must I explain
The way a boy should hold a gun?"
I recollect my father's pain
At such a milksop for a son.

And now I see these fields once more
Clothed, thank the Lord, in summer green,
Pale corn waves rippling to a shore
The shadowy cliffs of elm between,

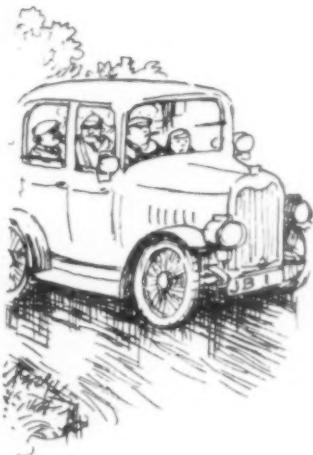
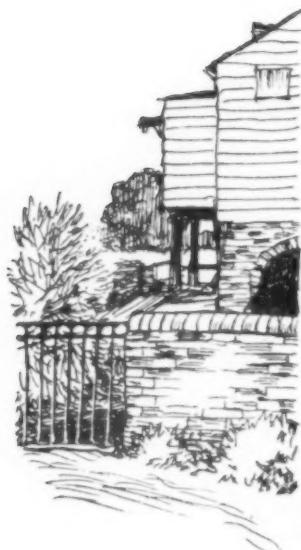
Colour-washed cottages reed-thatched
And weather-boarded water mills,
Flint churches, brick and plaster patched,
On mildly undistinguished hills—

They still are there. But now the shire
Suffers a devastating change,
Its gentle landscape strung with wire,
Old places looking ill and strange.

One can't be sure where London ends,
New towns have filled the fields of root
Where father and his business friends
Drove in the Landaulette to shoot;

Tall concrete standards line the lane,
Brick boxes glitter in the sun:
Far more would these have caused him pain
Than my mishandling of a gun.

JOHN BETJEMAN



Lord Goddard

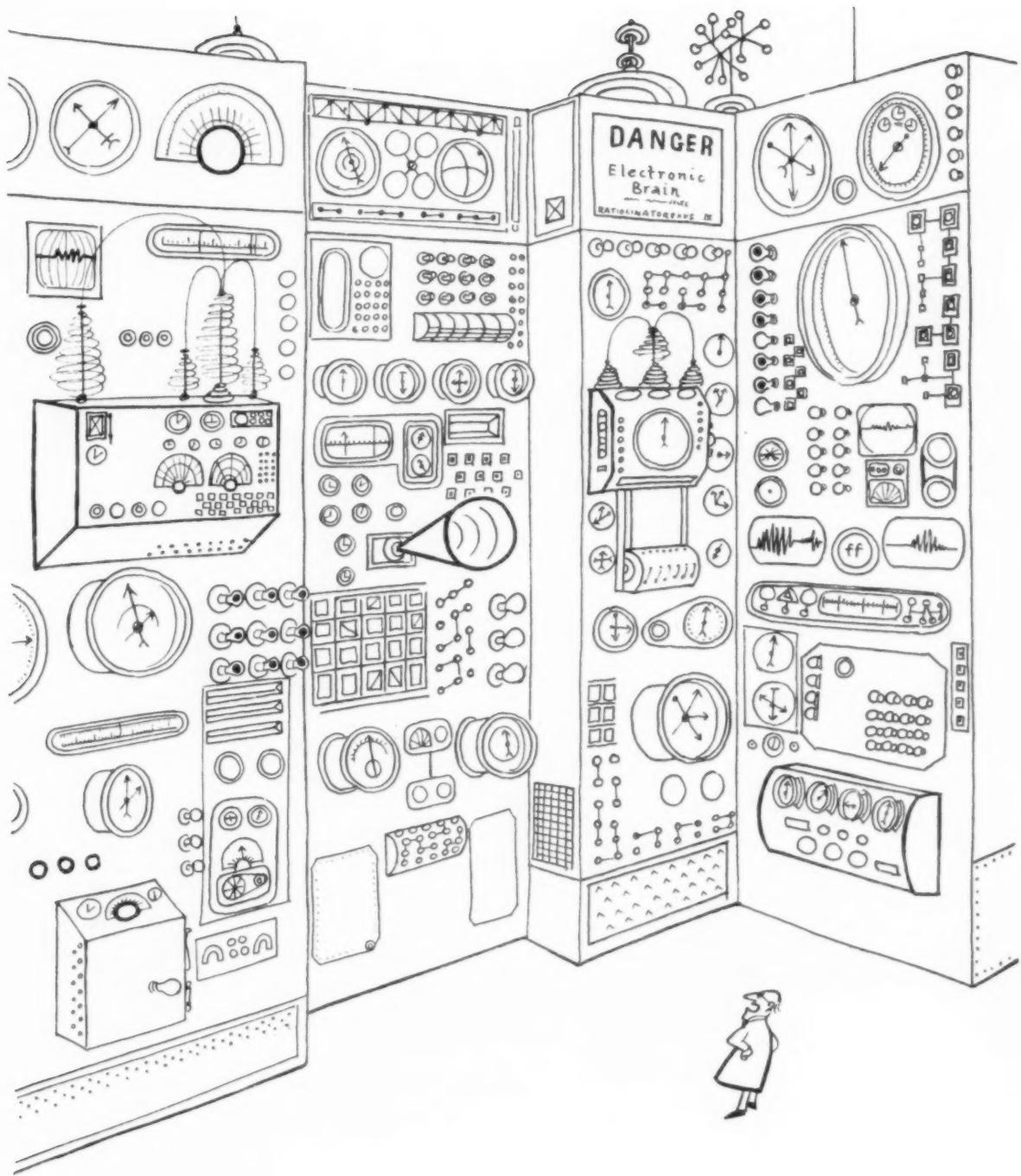
The violent and dishonest well may blench
To see the Lord Chief Justice on the bench.
With iron hand hid in an iron glove,
Crime is his hate, and smiting it his love.



HEROES OF OUR TIME — 3

PUNCH, October 3 1956





"What d'you mean—obvious to the meanest intelligence?"

New Play

CONFRONTED with anything, you can do one of three things—make an issue of it, not do so, or say "My theory is."

Decent thoughtful people have known this for years. And now, as the Society for Decent Thoughtfulness points out in its latest pamphlet, we have confirmation of what many hitherto surmised to be a mere surmise.

From now on, surmises are out.

Taking at something very near random some events occurring in a given week in a given fair city the Society is able to prove conclusively that

(i) All that stuff about successful playwright Noel Coward having serious tax trouble is quite possibly the result of some sort of misunderstanding, or so one gathered from what the man himself seemed to tell me and some sixty other journalists on the occasion of his arrival at the Dublin airport in connection with the world première of a piece he has successfully written for the stage, of which it was surmised—see what one means? Typical—that the reason for its being presented for the first time in, for example, Dublin rather than in, say, London was

(a) that the author wanted to be in there pitching to help Sir John Gielgud put the final gloss on the opening scene of foreign valet alone in flat answering telephone calls in a way which begins to put the audience in the picture (a clever bit of technique), and

(b) that if N. C. set so much as a toe in Shaftesbury Avenue the Treasury people would put the bite on him to the tune of £25,000.

The noise and the people were terrific, but I indistinctly understood Mr. Coward to say that the whole situation had been misunderstood and he would rather talk about art.

(ii) Between thirty-two and sixty hours before this very nice episode an ordinary piano either fell or was pushed into the River Liffey.

After frivolous people had exhausted themselves saying the sort of things people of that type do say when a piano is found in a river—and they had a good wicket because it was the night Liberace passed Ireland,

By CLAUD COCKBURN

London bound—the *Irish Times* disclosed that there was a question at issue.

"The dumping," wrote the *Irish Times*, "of a piano in the River Liffey, near Usher's Quay, Dublin, raises the question of whether a person could be prosecuted for such an act. According to the Dublin Corporation and the Dublin Port and Docks Board, one could be prosecuted."

Things were looking ugly for piano-dumpers, and some men who were going to put one in the Thames near Chelsea Bridge (intending to claim later that it was the Duke of Kent what done it) got cold feet and abandoned the idea, reading on and noting that after the words "Could be prosecuted" there came some dots, and the words "in certain circumstances."

These circumstances, stated the issue-raiser, "are, however, unlikely to arise in this particular case."

That, at the moment of writing, seems more particularly true because so far no one has been discovered to be responsible for the offence. At the

outset they expected to find a body in there along with the piano—body of disappointed pianist who had decided to perish with his pet.

No body.

So that it would seem there is a posse of physically fit piano-dumpers at large in the city's streets at this minute.

My theory is that my theory of what really and truly happened is just as good as yours.

(iii) Some characters sought to make a lot of issue of the fact that the Management of the Olympia Theatre insisted that anyone proposing to view, from the stalls, Sir J. Gielgud's interpretation of N. Coward's big attack on P. Picasso and all that type of rot—Aristophanes said modernity was going to the dogs too, and won enthusiastic applause from a distinguished first-night audience in Athens, which included the Spartan Ambassador and his gay and popular daughter who afterwards joined a supper party given by normally austere historian Thucydides at the Frogs' Club—must not only appear



"Hear about this ghastly plan of stopping the traffic in the High and sending it round the Meadows?"



at the box office in dinner jackets but pay actual money for seating accommodation.

No Press Tickets, no free passes, no jeans. With the suit-hire firms thus over-extended, waiters in leading hotels were forced to creep shamefully about in the tweeds of British dramatic critics, American Talent Scouts and sneers from Paris, while these groups wrestled with the soup and fish required on this gala night in the O'Casey country.

(Interviewed, Sir John Gielgud went on record with the statement that O'Casey is a good playwright too.)

(iv) Another debatable thing that happened that day was that a man paid a good deal over £13,000 for a horse, making people who had paid £5 for a black market ticket to the Coward show lose their sense of guilt

and feel prudent, pound-wise kind of people.

(v) Just when everyone was thinking that all we had to do now was stick around for forty-eight hours until we could see Mr. Coward fraternizing with the British Ambassador, as thousands cheered, it was learned that if everyone dashed over to the Pike Theatre they could see *The Bald Prima Donna*, by Eugene Ionesco, and *Moonspawn*, by Gwen-dolen Perrott.

Very fortunately for those who so dashed, a lot of people had already been tired out by the course of events, so that although the seating capacity of the Pike Theatre is fifty-five, the dashers were able to view in comfort two plays which made them feel a lot better than some of them had hitherto felt.

Although, of course, if you want to

take issue with the modern drama you can take issue with E. Ionesco and G. Perrott, bearing in mind that these are two dramatic citizens who are capable of severally picking up your issues and whirling them round their heads.

Not, you may well feel, a dull moment.

 & &

"How can I cure myself of going off to sleep again after waking up? Even if I go to bed very early it makes no difference. Friends have tried cold sponges and pulling me out of bed, but that only gives me a headache.—JOHN.

The moment you wake take half a dozen long deep breaths and blink your eyes 100 times, counting out loud. Then roll the eyes round, up and down, and from side to side. Next lift your scalp up and down, wriggling your ears if you can. Use the hands to help if you can't."—*Daily Mail*

Then have a good rest.

Dreams Come True

By LORD KINROSS

LIFE, throughout America, is as good as a film. "It's wonderful: you feel you're in the movies," as a lady remarked to me, fresh from a horseback holiday in the wide open spaces of Wyoming. Men encountered in bars talk in a language of wisecracks, derived from the gangsters of the screen. Cowboys—and would-be cowboys—dress and behave as to the Western manner born. High Fidelity turns parties into musical comedies, guests high-kicking together in chorus. On the roads and in the suburbs, in the cafés and on the beaches, life to-day holds up a mirror to art.

In Hollywood itself life is as good as its films used to be. Dreams have come true in a smog of prosperity. Aircraft factories bigger than film studios, oil derricks encroaching on country clubs, enable all to follow the stars in their courses. In this industrial paradise the once humble and meek may enjoy a life once deemed fabulous, relishing the leisure and the luxury, the loves and the limousines once reserved for a fairy-tale few. There is Gracious Living, Glamour, Romance for all.

Once the sets in the studios of Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer portrayed castles in the air, the cities and homes of a world of escape. Now an outside world, as real if as insubstantial, is overtaking the dream. To the Studio Regency of Sunset Boulevard, built in the 'thirties apparently of an elegant cardboard, are now added, scattered across the plains and up the hills of Los Angeles, the architectural fancies of a boom in real estate. Tens of thousands of Quality Homes, Executive Homes, Enchanted Homes are arising, built, like the sets of M.G.M., "of genuine lath and plaster," gracing such romantic modern dreamlands as Parkwood Royale and Peter Pan Village, Sherwood Forest and Highland Glen, Cinderella Estates.

Here, reproduced in multiplicate, is the Forever House with the Dream Kitchen of To-morrow. This, offered to the millions, contains such starry amenities as Lawn with Sprinkler, Garbage Disposal, Oversized Two-Car Garage, Colored Marble Pullman Lavatories, Bathrooms "right out of *House Beautiful*." Soon to every man

his swimming-pool, his "beautiful den with bricked-up barbecue," his "large well-landscaped backyard." As "Better Living for You" grows Better Still, you may soon move up, among the stars, into a wooded estate, "nestled behind large trees . . . wagon wheel fixtures and knotty-pine panelling . . . four hundred square feet of meandering, roofed-over rear patio"; or a "huge sprawling pumice block rancho home," fashionably equipped with "lots of glass both front and rear."

Modern America, as Mr. Russell Lynes remarked not long ago in *Harper's*, is a land in which everybody's name has become Jones. Thus, as you move up, the stars, keeping down with the Joneses, move down to make you feel at home. As the bus tour winds among the starry homes of Beverly Hills its load of home-lovers remarks on their modesty. True, each star displays his own individual architectural fancy—Rosalind Russell for the French style, Hedy Lamarr for Queen Anne, Jimmy Durante for Spanish, James Stewart for Jacobean, Tab Hunter for Contemporary. But they are essentially the houses of Joneses, the palace giving place to the bungalow and cottage.

A king may now look at a cat. Joan Crawford is selling up a mansionful of sumptuous furniture. The palmy days of Pickfair are over.

In such modest surroundings Glenn Ford "exults in a peaceful domestic environment, putting in his garden, helping his wife Ellie prepare her TV Sunday school program"; Russ Tamblyn indulges his taste for bottled ketchup, pouring it over the eggs as he scrambles them in the frying-pan, attending faithfully to the household duties assigned to him, namely, emptying the ash cans and keeping his room neat; Rock Hudson, living in a "den with a house around it," aspires (do-it-yourself) to convert his garage into a rumpus room (playroom). So at least the movie magazines declare, and the stars of to-day read them assiduously, living down to the myth which they create.

Conscientiously, in this spirit, they make frequent appearances in slacks, buying groceries at the Thriftimart or eating, perched on stools, at Schwab's Drug Store, cheek by jowl with the rest of the Joneses. Industrious as they, in this hard-working city, in bed by eleven and up by seven, they spend long, earnest hours on the business of income



tax rebates, investments in real estate, the formation of themselves into companies to absorb capital gains.

They are growing to look like Joneses too. Two by two, up a red carpet strewn with the petals of flowers, beneath a blaze of electricity turning night into day, they sweep into the Gala Invitational World Première. Pausing for a moment on a dais to face compère and cameras, pausing for another to say a few homely words down the barrels of the microphones of A.B.C., C.B.C., N.B.C.—even B.B.C.—they are lost finally amid a galaxy of "socialites and civic chiefs," factory kings and oil queens glittering hardly less brightly than themselves. The crowd outside, in its grandstands built out over the pavement, glitters equally, stenographers and secretaries and salesgirls Cinderellas no longer, but Princesses Charming, transfigured by the art of the Beautician.

For even the Hollywood face has now become so adapted as to fall within the reach of all. Nose and chin have all but vanished. There are Garbos no longer, but Kims and Virginias, their little

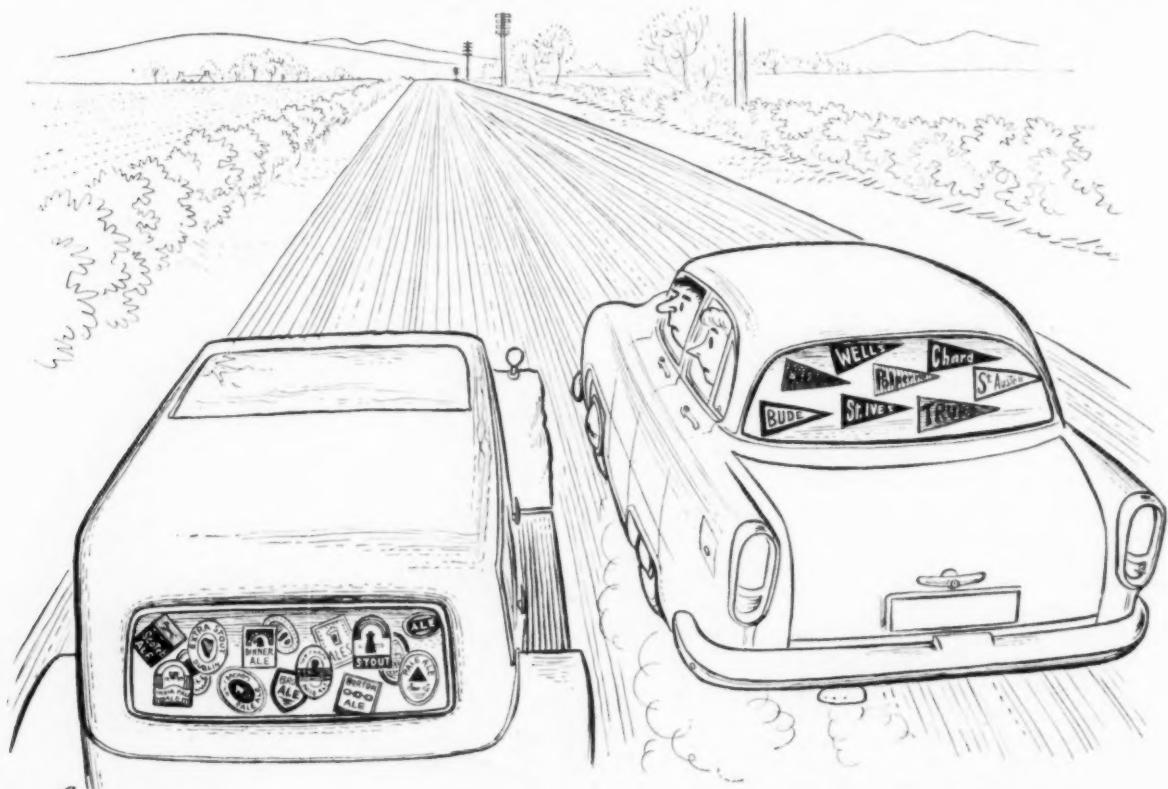
heads all a-cluster with silvery curls, their little faces kittenish masks; there are Garys no longer, but Gregorys and Rocks, with an order of ruggedness such as enables even the salesman to look like a golfer. The film now presented as a mirror to the audience is *High Society*, in which ladies and gentlemen dance, drink highballs, change husbands and jump clothed into swimming-pools, in a style to which the least among them may now happily aspire.

Where then, with life imitating art and art imitating life, is the glorious world of escape? For the soul, it may lie at the feet of a bearded English sage, Mr. Gerald Heard, who once preached the mysteries of the Orient to hundreds in a gilded Indian temple and now preaches them to thousands in a gilded theatre. For the flesh, it may lie on the Pacific sands of Muscle Beach, Santa Monica. Here, where a sign, No. 0 Pacific Terrace, points up to Appian Way, the muscle men mortify it lifting weights like the bogies of trucks, standing on their heads and on their hands and on the shoulders of their

families, flexing muscles by habit to raise mere cigarettes to their lips; and the envious crowds, as they watch, may feed it on fish-and-chips, "Mile-long" Hot Dogs, Muscle Burgers or "Over-stuffed Bikini Burgers" in an adjoining café plastered with photographs of muscles, and run cheerily by Vi and Jack (from South-east London).

For both there is Disneyland, "a world of magic and fantasy, history and knowledge," offering a wide choice of inner worlds within worlds. Here, realistic as a series of film sets, are Fantasyland, peopled by Dwarfs and such, amid winds in willows, within the walls of a French baronial castle; Frontierland, peopled by sheriffs and cowboys, offering rides in mining-trains, stage-coaches, covered wagons; Adventureland, where stuffed wild beasts wag realistic tails in tropical jungles; To-morrowland, with a T.W.A. trip to Mars and a trip for the kids, driving a car on a tarmac highway as real and as earnest as that of their elders and betters.

Finally there is always death and a





"It started in one of those economy grates."

glamorous burial in the Forest Lawn cemetery. Here Loved and Unloved Ones alike may lie in Graceland, Vesperland, Lullabyland, Slumberland, to the strains of music, ranging from sacred through grand operatic to "The End of a Perfect Day," and of disembodied voices, intoning and preaching through microphones; watched over by sculptural masterpieces formerly thought to be elsewhere—Donatello's David, Michelangelo's Moses—and shrines ranging eclectically from the Wee Kirk o' the Heather to a temple of Apollo and Daphne or a pagan Saxon Wishing Chair. Beneath these well-worn, well-sprinkled lawns, both Joneses and stars may rest side by side, to all Eternity.

The Non-Iron Age

MY socks for six successive months
Have worn without a darn;
So great the wear resistance of
Their new synthetic yarn.
And though I wash them every night,
They neither pile nor shrink.
Oh I'm marching to Utopia,
With my half-hose in the sink.

My trousers are of Trinolene;
The years will not diminish
Their showerproof, pre-set-crease-
retaining
Wrinkle-shedding finish.
The static starts them riding up;
But that, perhaps, won't last.

Oh I'm burying Dame Nature
With my science at half-mast.

For seven days my shirt has laughed
At daily urban smut;
It's drip-dry dirt-resistant
And most wrinkle-proofy cut.
I've wept on it, and slept in it
Yet still its crispness clings.
Oh I'm flying to a better world
On bright non-iron wings.

*It is, Sartorial Chemistry,
The paltriest of thanks,
That these the fairest of thy works
Should deck my shabby shanks.*

MAURICE VASSIE

Consider the Lilies

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

THE Report of the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission on floral and other contracts for West End weddings was published yesterday. The Commission sat as a result of Press reports that a titled florist of Belgravia, seeking to decorate St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was told by the vicar "You are not on my list." Findings and recommendations are summarized below.

Evidence was received from vicars of many so-called "fashionable" churches, and from representatives of trade and professional bodies with recognized commercial interests in the Solemnization of Matrimony among the upper classes; these bodies included florists, caterers, couturiers, hair-stylists, public relations organizations, photographic studio proprietors, house agents, direct mail advertising practitioners, jewellers,

chimney-sweeps, travel agencies, distillers and others. Experts in the field of horticulture, with particular reference to longevity in arum lilies, were also called. An Appendix by Professor Armstrong Curry, the well-known biologist and geneticist, examines the desirability of allowing Cape Water Hawthorn (*Aponogeton distachyon*) to decay in fonts.

To a greater or lesser degree all the deponing clergy admitted awareness of commercial influences operating in this field, but disclaimed knowledge of any "rings," restrictive practices, "closed-shop" devices, or of any restraint exercised by them upon the wholesalers, retailers or contractors concerned, except in so far as was necessary to ensure a standard of ceremonial in keeping with the reputation of a "fashionable" church. "If a steady flow of titled unions is to be maintained," said the Vicar of St. Andrew and All Angles, Park Lane, "the hymeneal pair must go down the aisle determined that they would return to the same church for any repeat ceremony."

No evidence was received of bribery or other inducements offered to clergy in return for their services in making the many extra-ecclesiastical arrangements, though many witnesses declared that these extra duties proved a great tax on the time and energies of vicars. "There is nothing in the prayer-book," said the Vicar of St. Prunella's, Bayswater, "saying that the officiating minister shall organize the printing of seat tickets or the policing of the church porches. Yet before now a bride's mother has taken it quite for granted that I should negotiate with the St. John Ambulance Association to ensure prompt medical treatment for onlookers trampled in the precincts." The Vicar of St. Leon's, Pall Mall, described an occasion when, as a result of mental fatigue after particularly exacting ancillary duties of this kind he had heard himself substituting for "Wilt thou have this woman . . ." the words "Wilt thou confirm an all-in figure of two hundred guineas, inclusive of bridesmaids' sprays?" The Vicar of St. Barabbas', Haymarket, recalled that during a third reading of the Banns he had once been interrupted at the "cause or just



"I've a confession to make, Miss Wilcox. Some weeks ago I forgot to ring up thirty-two-and-elevenpence a big foreign girl gave me."

impediment" by a procession of worshippers with banners reading "Unfair to Elite Wedding Stationery, Limited."

Under examination most witnesses admitted that their guidance was widely sought in this way, the feeling among brides' parents being that a vicar had a fund of experience where the parents had none. The Vicar of St. Sholto's, Kensington, confirmed that he was in the practice of dealing with certain wholesale houses for the purchase of satin for pages' suits, and disclosed that he had a file of honeymoon accommodation in his vestry, with tabulated testimonials from satisfied couples. For this service, he told members, he had "no qualms whatsoever" in making a small charge; recent repairs to the fabric of the Lady Chapel had been financed entirely from this source.

Questioned as to the factors influencing a vicar in his choice of floral or other contractors for weddings, the Vicar of St. Clore's, Brook Street, submitted that it was only reasonable for contracts to be placed in the hands of persons or bodies already tried and trusted. Providentially, suppliers and manufacturers in all relevant spheres were invariably found to be serving as officers in the church's affairs, usually as parochial church councillors. Arrangements were much simplified if they could be settled without rising from the council table, and this was frequently the practice. Failing that, the immediate pattern of distribution tended, by benevolent chance, to involve vergers, bell-ringers and the like, who often proved to have relations in the relevant branches of commerce.

Evidence received from lay deponents was in the main non-committal, and the Commission appointed a sub-committee to consider a statement by a Mr. Gustave Cohen, of "The Flower Bower, Knightsbridge," suggesting that no plain speaking was likely from the laity when the Church was so heavily represented.

The Commission found that, despite the considerable scale on which trade had invaded primarily spiritual territory, there was no solid evidence of corrupt practices, unfair trading or restrictive machinery. But the Commission could not exclude the possibility that some or all of these influences might become operative at some future date, and accordingly added the following



"Don't hit against Tayfield's spin and steer clear of any controversy on the colour bar."

precautionary Recommendations to the Report:

1. A system of checks and balances should be devised with a view to placing suitable limits on overall expenditure at any one wedding, thus ensuring that churches, or the Church as a whole, should not become merely material factors in the manipulations of big business combines.

2. So-called "take-over bids," for contracts with West End churches, should be reported to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

3. Curates not to be employed as touts by trade organizations.

4. Several references had been made to "Lists" of approved contractors. Where such existed they should be posted up on a church door or notice-board, and subject to frequent revision.

5. All expenditure to be strictly justifiable on a basis of Holy Writ.

6. Accounts should be kept open to examination by a joint inspectorate drawn from relevant trading bodies and ordained priests.

7. Printed "Order of Service" forms should embody acknowledgments to florists, etc., responsible for church

decorations. There is no objection to rate-cards or tasteful advertising matter accompanying the forms.

8. Hymn-plugging is to be deplored.

9. Monetary payments to vicars, other than through the Easter offertory, should be applied to church purposes unless delivered in a cover marked "Unsolicited Gift"; they should then be regarded as taxable.

10. Though action was not contemplated against the Vicar of St. Sholto's, his "honeymoon card-index" was regarded with disapproval. Clergy should be discouraged from entering business on their own account, e.g. as dress-hire firms, or proprietors of barrows selling used flowers.

8 8

"His LORDSHIP: I suppose the word 'horse' in the rule does not include an aeroplane?"

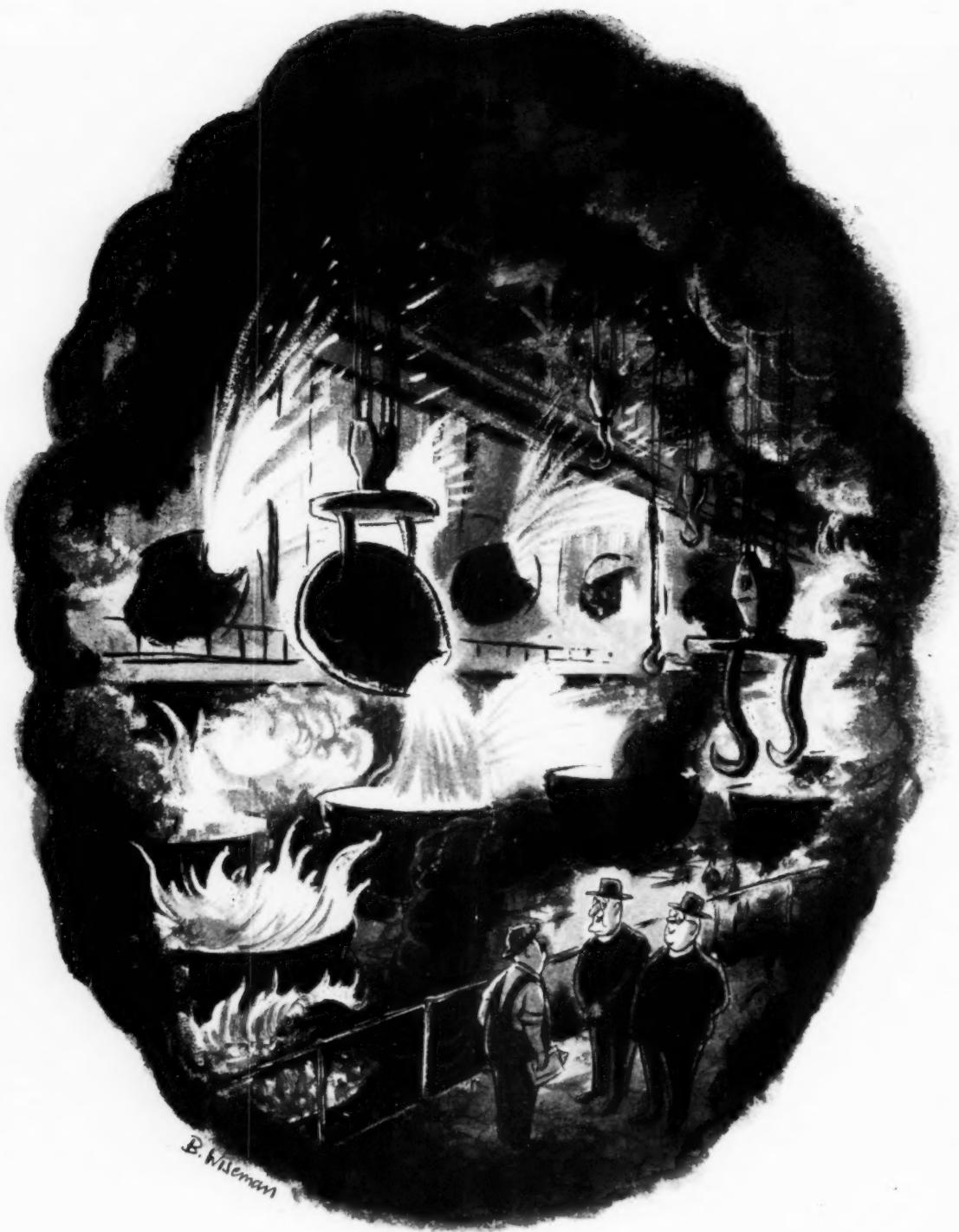
COUNSEL: No, I think not.

His LORDSHIP: It ought to, it is much the same thing.

COUNSEL: I think that it was put in for the relief of archdeacons."

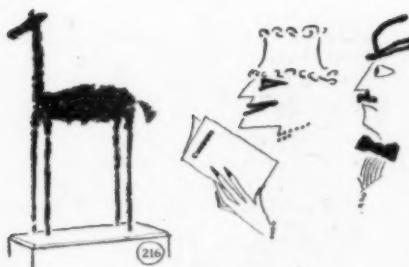
The Times Law Report

Much thanks.



"We'd like permission to take a few of our parishioners on a little tour of your place."

In the City



"Cosseted Economy"

IT is becoming painfully obvious that the big price freeze—sponsored by Mr. Macmillan, inaugurated by the nationalized industries and supported to some extent by private enterprise—will prove a frost. It was just possible that a whole-hearted attempt throughout industry to peg prices, coupled with a parallel vote for wage restraint by the unions, might have given the Government sufficient elbow-room to re-jig the national economy and stave off the looming crisis. Possible, but not very likely. But the freeze has not really made much progress, has failed, let us say, to catch the imagination of the employers, and after Brighton it is extremely doubtful whether the "price restraint" movement can win any new disciples.

The list of recruits to the campaign contains many impressive names—I.C.I., Distillers, De la Rue, Gillette, Reckitt and Colman, Tootal, the associations of the cement and metal window manufacturers, and so on—but the list of those who have not signed the pledge is much more formidable. The steel industry, for good reasons, has had to reject the Government's plea, and the vast majority of businesses engaged in the production of food, clothing and household durables (pots and pans) have also decided not to co-operate. So the worker, while no doubt grateful for assurances about the retail price of his razor blades, tinned peas, gin, sanitary pottery, tobacco, plasterboard and borax, remains anxious about the purchasing power of sixteen shillings out of his pound.

Most economic seers are convinced that the threatened showdown between the employers and unions will take the stage in 1957. The Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions has now decided to claim "substantial" pay increases for its members, and the employers have decided that they will grant *no increase at all* this year. Since

1950 the Confederation has won six hefty claims and its skilled members have become accustomed to a rise of ten shillings a week every settling day. And if the new claim is refused trouble will brew very quickly.

How much trouble? Well, the Confederation represents about one and a quarter million workers attached to fifty unions—including the A.E.U., Transport and General Workers, General and Municipal Workers and the Electrical Trades Union.

A strike supported by outside members of the confederated unions might therefore involve as many as four million workers.

This ugly situation has reached a head because the three members of the uneasy economic alliance, the Government, the employers, and the unions, have all decided to get tough with each other instead of with the old enemies of

material progress—*inflation and restrictive practices*. The real trouble, as an outspoken but friendly American critic told us last week, lies in our "cosseted economy." After describing British goods as "shoddy, often barely inspected, lacking in style and generally over-priced," Mr. F. E. Rogers (head of the Productivity and Technical Co-operation team that has been probing British industry for the last eight years) offered unexceptionable advice to the uneasy alliance.

"If the larger and more efficient firms were to stop holding an umbrella over the less efficient and progressive firms it would result in greater efficiency in world trade and a better standard of living at home . . .

The average British worker seems to lack or reject an understanding of the value of higher productivity or of better quality of workmanship."

MAMMON

* * *

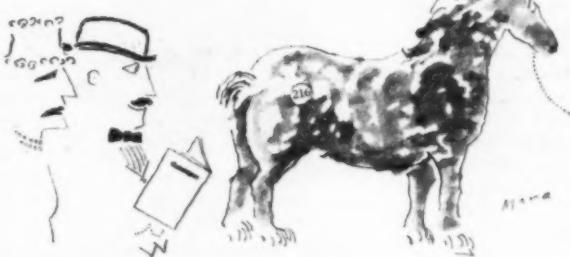
their drugs or salves from the chemist, and now find it much cheaper to put their shilling on the doctor's plate, as a symbolic offering to St. Aneurin. But that is only half the story. As any doctor will now confirm, at least twenty per cent of his patients are not suffering

from any physical ailment whatever. These people go regularly to the doctor on any excuse, but the reason for their attendance in the congregation within the waiting-room is that they are seeking from the doctor the sort of spiritual comfort and personal guidance which, a few generations ago, they used to obtain from the priest. One doctor tells me that he hears what amounts to half a dozen confessions every surgery.

"For absolution I dole out penicillin tablets," he admitted, "but they've put their faith in science, and nothing will make them take their troubles across the road to the Vicarage."

The villagers are not perverse in trying to get spiritual and physical comfort from one and the same source. Intuitively they know that the two things are somehow connected. I dare say the Church wouldn't be so empty if the vicar had the ability to cure some of our more immediate and pressing aches and pains. RONALD DUNCAN

In the Country



Cure of Souls and Bodies

SOMETHING occurred in a Cornish village the other day which did not make news even in the local papers, but was significant for all that. One of the little-used Baptist chapels was put up for sale and bought by a doctor to use as a dispensary. The same pattern can be observed in every small town in England. The chapels and churches are almost empty; the doctor's waiting-room is crowded and full. The vicar often doesn't know what to do with his time, the doctor is generally run off his feet; the former is merely politely acknowledged, the latter courted and feted by everybody. The average medico is getting at least £2,000 a year, the vicar is lucky if he approaches £800.

It would be erroneous to explain the switch in dependence from the Service to the Surgery Hours wholly in terms of the National Health Scheme. It is, of course, true that a proportion of the doctor's patients used to purchase



BOOKING OFFICE

The Cold Shoulder

Colonial Students. A. T. Carey. *Seeker and Warburg, 25/-*

ROUND the central London streets trail West Africans, West Indians, Mauritians, Malays and men of every African and Asiatic race. They have had, perhaps, a tea-party with the British Council, and have been admitted to London University or a Technical Institute, or the Inns of Court. Now they are looking for digs, and being called "niggers" by landladies as they slam the door. They are not only future lawyers, scientists, scholars and technicians of some brilliance; they are future Cabinet Ministers of their countries and they are being converted by Londoners from neutrality or even enthusiastic Commonwealth patriotism to bitter hatred and determination to seek independence, taking whatever outside help they need to get it. Not all the disillusioned are turning to Russia, though some are. Perhaps India will become increasingly influential. The slow acceptance of some of the responsibility for the black by the brown is one of the most interesting and cheering of recent developments. However, we are getting too apt to shuffle our moral responsibilities on to India.

We let these students be charged more than white lodgers, the so-called "Colour Tax." We show fatuous self-satisfaction because we are ignorant of what part of the world they come from. (Does any other nation regard ignorance as boastworthy?) We assume that all coloured men are either seamen or casual labourers. We are at worst abusive and at best patronizing. Dr. Carey's study of the problem is of sufficient public importance for comment on it not to be restricted to specialist publications, though it was a thesis for a doctorate and is aimed at the kind of reader whose job condemns him to reading theses. Dr. Carey is repetitive and goes on too much about whether what he is doing is Social Anthropology

or Sociology and about similar problems of method and nomenclature; but he has collected a good cross-section of landladies and students, and prints some interesting case-histories, concentrating on West Indians and West Africans but covering the others in lesser detail. West Africans have often been told by missionaries that Britain is a practising Christian country and that this explains its power and prosperity. The reality, the lack of religious life and Christian



sympathy, like the lack of glamour and beauty in the towns, shocks many students badly. They are also upset to find that membership of the Commonwealth means more to them than it seems to do to the English. They expect an active welcome and instead are driven back for companionship on compatriots.

The teaching of geography and history has improved enormously since the end of World War I, but, as with some other educational reforms, the improvements are more noticeable among teachers than pupils. Though prejudice is less in the provinces than in London, in the middle class than in the working class, and among the young than among the old, Africa is still the

Dark Continent. Prejudice is built into children, and at school it is not dispelled by teaching the young to respond to the unfamiliar with curiosity instead of fear. I am puzzled and ashamed to find colour-prejudice quite strong in myself. I never notice it once I have settled down in the company of a coloured man; but it makes me fugitive or over-polite in casual contacts. At school all I learned of the Commonwealth, which was keeping me alive, was lists of islands in Peace Treaties and the differences between the different brands of Federation. At Oxford, Commonwealth History could be ignored, unlike the Norman Conquest, though there were several distinguished historians teaching it. (Lectures were given at Rhodes House, which seemed architecturally half-way to the University of London. Instead of dark panelling, calf-bound books and a ripe past, it had light colours, sensible seating and an air of being intended for students rather than undergraduates.)

Opponents of colour-prejudice harm their case by talking about knowing coloured visitors as a duty, like being kind to mental defectives. Devoting two hours a month to making neutral conversation over tea with Jamaicans or inviting three assorted Africans to eat cold turkey on Boxing Day can give a sentimental gratification at one's own charity; but this is an evil thing. Many Colonial students can recognize that rudeness comes from the ignorance of their inferiors and find patronage more wounding. Both are recognition of a gulf, and a rose thrown across it can hurt as much as a brick. The way to choose friends or acquaintances if you are gregarious or to spurn them if you are solitary is to forget pigmentation as you forget height. Perhaps the real test of successful relations between races as between classes is whether you go for an opponent in an argument hammer-and-tongs whatever his racial origin or income.

On the lowest level, that of self-interest, we ought to be wooing the future leaders of lands that provide us

with food, raw materials, ports, customers, troops, and satisfactions that range from philanthropy to big-game hunting; but self-interest is not the main argument against calling a philosopher or historian or scientist "a nigger" and slamming the door in his face.

R. G. G. P.

Rachel. Joanna Richardson. *Reinhardt*, 21/-

Sprightly enthusiasm is sturdily evident in Miss Richardson's detailed biographical portrait of Rachel, the Jewish guttersnipe who re-inspired the performance of French tragedy, and whose exotic ugliness attracted princely lovers and literary bons mots. Rachel herself had a pretty knack for a pretty phrase: "I don't mind tenants, but I will not have owners"—this of men in general. Miss Richardson has brought all her scholarly application to bear on the conflicting evidence of previous biographers, and we may assume that this is the definitive life. What cannot escape comment is what might be called the fundamental futility of such biographies, and this is no criticism of Miss Richardson, who creates her picture marvellously well. Rather is it the creeping boredom which the lives of actors and actresses inevitably provoke. Their sum total is merely anecdotal: after the list of dramatic successes, the social festivities, the progression of lovers, the numerous farewell performances, the final death scene is almost welcome.

K. D.

Homecomings. C. P. Snow. *Macmillan*, 15/-

This is the sixth novel in the series *Strangers and Brothers*. (Each book can be read separately.) It deals with Lewis Eliot's two marriages, his war-time experience as a Civil Servant recruited from Big Business and his slow recognition of the need to accept as well as to give, to be defended as well as to defend. Dr. Snow recognizes that the Failure, so often the focus of novels, is not the typical man, and he makes Lewis Eliot a fairly successful lawyer.

Dr. Snow has often been compared to Trollope, though he is a far more careful writer and a more intelligent man. He shares Trollope's unpartisan curiosity and his skill in exploring a society through narrative: he hardly ever stops for analytical passages. He belongs to a sober tradition, but he has the knack of compelling the attention. The struggle for power in laboratories and colleges and companies and ministries is as constant, as entertaining and as frightening as it was in Barchester, and, as in Barchester, it is not necessarily disastrous.

R. G. G. P.

The Towers of Trebizond. Rose Macaulay. *Collins*, 13/6

At her best Rose Macaulay is very good indeed, and her new novel is a work

of high artistry. The appeal of this book is wide. It is not only a love story, delicate, poetical and tragic, and a descriptive travel-novel of the sort for which Miss Macaulay is noted, but a record of a spiritual pilgrimage which touches the reader deeply. She outdoes Graham Greene on his own ground, having a profounder religious sense without his Manichaean obsession with Evil.

Trebizond, whose visionary towers dominate the book, is a parable city. Its earthly and spiritual aspects are revealed to us when Laurie, deserted in Turkey by her fellow-travellers, those formidable fantasists her Aunt Dot and the Reverend Hugh Chantry-Pigg, sets out on her solitary pilgrimage to meet her lover. She journeys with her back towards the fabled city whose towers do not reappear until, her lover dead, she faces her life alone.

This novel, with its humour, beauty and intellectual force, could only result from a mature talent. Fewer younger writers could set out on so complex a work, fewer still resolve it with such unostentatious power.

O. M.

The Alchemist's Voyage. Calvin Kentfield. *Gollancz*, 15/-

Subtitled "An Adventure," this first novel concerns the relationship between two young Americans who, both seeking escape in their separate ways, sign on for an Atlantic voyage as able-seamen aboard the ramshackle tramp steamer of the title. The influence of Herman Melville presses heavily upon the author's pen: Blacky, educated son of a brothel-keeper, is given to mental soliloquies and has a quixotic-romantic streak which the more mundane Ira Garrett strives vainly to keep in check, until the final disaster when Blacky succumbs to a fate not dissimilar from that of Conrad's Mr. Kurtz.

Mr. Kentfield has obviously spent much time and thought upon the construction of his book and his treatment of the various episodes displays much confused talent; but a curious hysteria informs his prose, which seeks to convey an added intensity by the use of capital letters and italic type: also, regrettably, by phonetic dialogue—an Englishman at one point expresses suspicion by the cryptic, almost incomprehensible phrase: "A copper, hisit, honly year too young."

J. M-R.

My Aunt's Rhinoceros and Other Reflections. Peter Fleming. *Rupert Hart-Davis*, 12/6

Mr. Fleming, who declares he has no wish to be a mounted policeman at Gilbert Harding's funeral, is surprised but not dismayed by the mounting absurdity of modern times. Collected from his work as "Strix" in *The Spectator* over the last three years, these essays are a reminder, if we need it, that he is a wit and stylist of enviable quality. Secure in his devotion to country



"If I decide not to marry again
I shall probably buy myself a
professional footballer."

life he writes with singular freedom from the coterie spirit. Whether he is flaying bumbledom or telling us about the wild animals which make his house a club, his comments are always fresh and illuminating.

The articles have no common focus beyond an enduring interest in life. They range widely, and among them are single paragraphs giving sharp point to an isolated incident. Although fascinated by the latest forms of human lunacy, Mr. Fleming approaches them with the mellow good sense of an eighteenth-century squire. He is one of our few serious essayists who can make us laugh aloud.

E. O. D. K.

Portraits from Memory. Bertrand Russell. *Allen and Unwin*, 16/-

The best of these delightful portraits from Lord Russell's memory are Cambridge ones. Among his seniors there is M'Taggart, who regularly asked him to breakfast but gave him nothing to eat—so Russell always took an egg; Oscar Browning, a more liberal host, especially to royalty, though he was once reduced to saying of the King of Saxony: "I know him well—by sight"; and Henry Sidgwick, who lost his religious faith but upheld a rectitude unmatched by the believers. Russell quotes Sidgwick's saying of Sir Richard Jebb: "All the time that he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties." Ludwig Wittgenstein, Russell's most gifted pupil, is the most alarming character in the book. Though Wittgenstein was later notorious among undergraduates for his taciturnity, he seems to have seldom been silent in the presence of his teacher; he kept Russell awake until the early hours of the morning by threatening to commit suicide if Russell did not listen to him.

However, Lord Russell says he is very

glad to have been up at Trinity sixty years ago: "In spite of some lunacy and some laziness, Cambridge was a good place, where independence of mind could exist undeterred."

M. C.

The Dark of Summer. Eric Linklater. *Cape*, 15/-

Wandering "skin-tight with love" through the crepuscular "summer dim" of the Shetland Islands, in company with his young wife Gudrun, Tony Chisholm, the one-armed Highland Scots narrator, finds buried and preserved in a belt of peat the murdered body of a "drunken, dispossessed old Jacobite" whose fate had remained a mystery since the eighteenth century. This discovery connects not only with Chisholm's family history but with his career in espionage during the Hitler War when he was partly responsible for the suicide of Gudrun's father.

Treachery, hatred, an inheritance and a feud, the Korean conflict (glossed over rather quickly and introduced, one feels, merely as a background for another coincidental encounter) and various other perils on land and sea; Mr. Linklater mixes these ingredients with professional skill and serves the result with urbanity and grace, though it might prove slightly indigestible to some who remember the delectable lightness of the fare he formerly provided. J. M-R.

The Search for Bridey Murphy. Morey Bernstein. *Hutchinson*, 15/-

The human creature yearns for wonders. He would know himself immortal if he could. Though the infra-red camera has put Mr. Sludge out of business, there remains E.S.P. and the products of the Unconscious. One suspects it is the Unconscious, at its

tricks again, that has misled Morey Bernstein. Having hypnotized a woman, Mr. Bernstein directed her to travel back through time to the period before her birth. There he encountered another personality, the now famous Bridey Murphy, who claimed she had lived in Ireland from 1798 to 1864. He presents his talks with Bridey as proof of the ancient theory of reincarnation.

Mr. Bernstein does not tell us in this English edition of his book—and he might well have done so—the sad facts revealed by carpenter American critics: that the search for Bridey Murphy conducted in Ireland has failed to uncover any proof that this woman was born or married, that she died or was buried there; that the articles she claimed were written by her husband for a Belfast paper do not appear on its files; that her birthplace in Cork appears never to have existed. Mr. Bernstein tells us that the church she attended really exists in Belfast. What he does not tell us is that it was not founded until 1911. Nothing indeed is revealed by Bridey that the subject herself could not have picked up in talk with Irish immigrants. The explanation of Bridey's appearance can no doubt be found in the subject's own childhood. If the search were directed there it might come to an abrupt conclusion.

O. M.

AT THE REHEARSAL

(ROYAL COURT)

CHINA is preparing to invade Sloane Square, but this one the Security Council can forget. Here in front of us, on the stage of the Royal Court Theatre, visas are being arranged for a large party of bowing and shuffling

immigrants which includes Dame Peggy Ashcroft, George Devine, Rachel Kempson, Joan Plowright, John Osborne and many others, dressed in jeans, jerseys, pink mackintoshes and whatever is for the moment most comfortable. They have just thrown away the book after a week's rehearsal of Brecht's *The Good Woman of Setzuan*, and are starting on the difficult phase of finding positions, gestures, expressions, inflections and the few lines which still escape their phenomenal memories. They are still a long way from the assurance they must have by October 15, when they open at Brighton (this will be the first time the English Stage Company has gone on tour before appearing at the Royal Court). At present the ingredients of what is hoped will be a fine and unusual pudding are no more than laid out on the table for initial treatment by the cook.

He's George Devine, sitting in his shirtsleeves in the front row of the stalls, looking as if he has just come in contentedly from gardening. Stuck about the stage are little vertical sticks indicating the position of scenery, and suggesting a course marked out for a dinghy race. The scene is a tobacco shop belonging to a golden-hearted prostitute, Dame Peggy; she is being visited by a neighbour, Joan Plowright, and the question is whether they should bow before, during or after a brief conversation about a child's cough? So they try it out to a decision.

Now cadging villagers arrive in force, and their entrance is felt to be awkward. Variations are offered, while George Devine ponders. Then he climbs on the stage, pipe in mouth, and begins to push the characters gently about, an arm there, a pace to the right there, with the air of a sympathetic window-dresser not quite satisfied with his display. He stands back critically, and once the mass is deployed irons out the individual problems. That done, there remains—vital point—the heroine's reaction to the invasion. Anger, surprise, resignation, or a facial grin—and it shaken up from all three? Experimenting, suddenly Dame Peggy has it right. While she works at it the rest of the cast close their eyes and practise private yoga. Rehearsing is a wearing game.

A line in the translation sounds stiff and unlikely. George Devine reads aloud from the German script, and a word changed makes all the difference. When anyone dries, their line comes clearly from the Stage Manager, sitting alert at her table. It is all fragmentary, under friendly discussion, liable to stop at any moment on a query. Forget the kitchen metaphor and think of a chess-player working up for a master's match and testing carefully the value of each move; only here, though the grand strategy is his, the pieces can make tactical suggestions.

Brecht called this play a parable. It's a folk-drama, broken up, like all his work, into short episodes, some of them decorated by simple music. Dame Peggy



comes down to deliver a soliloquy, and her words are punctuated by a piano. Then George Devine, who is acting as well as producing, goes up and tries out his lines with the others.

Tea arrives, and we dare to ask, what about alienation and all that? Answer, this is a fable, and so carries its own special feeling of unreality.

Dame Peggy is playing a second part, the heroine dressed as an imaginary protective cousin who routs the parasites. She borrows George Devine's bulky jacket and an old hat, and with her tight Edwardian trousers and a curl escaping is transformed miraculously into a teddy-boy, his hands stuck belligerently in his pockets. Collapse of everyone, herself included.

And so the rehearsal goes on, as it will every day, growing little by little closer to its final shape. For a critic, whose normal business is to judge results, without considering how much blood and sweat and patience have gone to make them, it was an exciting and rather humbling experience.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls
Smiles of a Summer Night

GUYS and Dolls (Director: Joseph L. Mankiewicz) is so clearly too long that it feels almost like an admission of guilt to say that I enjoyed every minute of it. For one thing, it's a thoroughly musical musical, instead of being a story with songs; New York dances, lights and all, and the tunes, even the not particularly memorable ones, have plenty of gusto and attack without ever becoming the normal raucous insults to the ear. The script is taut and witty, so that the occasional passages of genuine Damon Runyon that occur seem to jut up through it like fragments of a previous civilization, a heavy-handed and barbarous one at that. The film's gangsters are just as unreal as Runyon's and the police become stern but likeable prefects pursuing the truant heroes of the upper fourth, but they all match the caricature of a city they are set in.

Somehow the much-publicized quartet of stars don't seem to fit in the same way. Frank Sinatra plays the man who runs the oldest established floating crap game in New York. The plot hinges, if you can call it that, on his bet with Marlon Brando, who will bet on anything, that Brando will not succeed in taking Sergeant Sarah Brown of the Save-a-Soul Mission (Jean Simmons) to Havana for the evening. Vivian Blaine, as a cabaret star, decorates the main theme with her attempts to bring her fourteen-year running engagement with Sinatra safe into matrimony. All these four, it seemed to me, were in different degrees unable to subdue their three-dimensional personalities to the bright but cardboard

world around them. Brando in particular, though the easy exactness of his acting is a delight and even if it weren't he would presumably be well worth his billing because of the thousands who will crowd to the box-offices to find out if he can sing, is too solid a man to seem real; he appears to be playing games with the children, very nicely, but with no great enjoyment. Incidentally he can sing, in a light and pleasing way.

The other three are more successfully assimilated; every time I see Sinatra I am more impressed by the range of his acting; he, of course, can sing. Jean Simmons plays with zest the now traditional part of the prissy girl letting go under the influence of rum, and Vivian Blaine, who one way and another has been playing her part for so long that she must look back on the days when she wasn't as a dream-like pre-existence, is very funny and sings the best songs in the film beautifully.

One of the things that pleased me most was the way the camera moves about, not for the sake of getting away from the fact that this was once a stage-bound show but to find exactly the right setting for each incident, which is not as simple or as common as it sounds.

It would not be easy to find a more putting-off title than *Smiles of a Summer Night* (Director: Ingmar Bergman). It suggests the humorous column of a newspaper of the 'thirties crossed with dormitory-type double-entendre. The film has both these qualities but, since it won the Prize for Comedy at Cannes, it has some compensatory merits. The plot deals with the efforts of an actress to sort

out the amatory affairs of three men and two other beautiful women so that she ends up with the man she wants; the plot includes such things as a bet between a husband and wife about how quickly she can seduce a third party, and a double bed, half of which, when a knob is pressed, slides into the single room next door. The dialogue must be pretty outspoken too, judging by the amount of it which is left untranslated in the sub-titles, but fundamentally the film's nearest ancestor is the artificial French comedy which Ibsen revolted against. The chief merits of the piece are its pellucid black-and-white photography, some funny, if contrived, situations, four very beautiful blonde actresses who can act, and Gunnar Bjornstrand, looking like a bearded dromedary, who plays the middle-aged lawyer who is the actress's prize. With minute particulars he constructs a pompous, egocentric, sharp-tempered cynic who remains quite likeable. It is difficult to say how much the apparent haphazardness of the motives of the other characters would be explained by the untranslated bits of the script, but it is easier to believe that most of it is caused by the exigencies of the plot.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The two other big new musicals, *Oklahoma!* (19/9/56) and *The King and I* (26/9/56) are in full swing.

Releases include *The Baby and the Battleship* (25/7/56) which is funny in a foreseeable way, and *The Solid Gold Cadillac* (12/9/56), intelligent and very entertaining.

PETER DICKINSON



Sky Masterson (with attendant sinners)—MARLON BRANDO

(*Guys and Dolls*)

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Guys and Dolls

Smiles of a Summer Night

SHERIFF



ON THE AIR

"I'll Be Looking at
the Moon . . ."

IT was inevitable sooner or later that I should join the merry thousands (millions in America) who accept the musical hospitality of Liberace every Sunday afternoon. One can pretend for so long that previous engagements—in the form of cricket and the "Brains Trust"—make a Sabbath session with the I.T.A. an impossibility, but even the flintiest critic must eventually surrender to inquisitiveness and the massive coercive thrust of modern publicity. Anyway, I have now seen Liberace. I have been in the presence.

Liberace is a clever entertainer. He plays the piano, sings, talks, grins and makes sheep's eyes, and in every department of the act he is highly efficient and whole-hearted. Moreover he is cherubically handsome, with gorgeous hair, heavenly eyes, ox-bow lips, and teeth like pillars of salt. He "sends" his vast middle-aged audience, and no wonder.

It is difficult to analyze his technique as a solo pianist, for his piano is no ordinary instrument. The beautiful hands caress the keys and strangely we hear sounds that normally emerge from the violin, the flute and the drums. Sometimes—and it is not merely the effect of the loud pedal—we imagine that we hear more than one piano. It is all very mysterious, very loud, and very cunning. He plays anything and everything: classics, palm court, jazz and "pops" all are grist to Liberace's devouring treadmill. True, the classics are only snippets of the genuine article, snippets mauled and mutilated and swamped by an oily gusher of sentimentality; and true

again, the jazz is unlikely to win much support in Basin Street or a place in the archives of the Library of Congress: but the fact remains that Liberace's music makes the not-so-young lower-brow feel wonderfully warm, cosy, uplifted, catholic and intelligent. "If only," they say, "the great masterpieces were always played with such understanding and feeling! And how marvellous it would be if jazz always seemed so melodious and dignified!"

It is stupid to suggest—as certain critics do—that Liberace represents the ultimate in cheap popularization. Television is only just getting into its stride, and its borrowed arts will be perverted much more thoroughly before the bulk of its customers are stricken with nausea. We ain't seen nothin' yet. Ten years from now I shall be surprised if we do not look back wistfully at the Hughie Green—Liberace—Pickles period of TV as one of cultural endeavour.

The old B.B.C. team of political wranglers (Sir Robert Boothby, Michael Foot, W. J. Brown and Alan Taylor) is still worth listening to. In I.T.A.'s "Free Speech" the quarrelsome quartet are apparently as enthusiastic as ever, shooting their party lines and soaking up punishment with rare devotion to duty. They remind me somehow of old-time bare-fisted pugilists condemned to brazen it out for ever: they know every move that leads to inertia and they have been punch-drunk for years, but they still contrive to expound their clichés with vehemence and eloquence. How they manage it I do not know. Unfortunately, their latest brawl over the pay-packet was ruined by the absence of a referee and the refusal of both sides to accept any but their own twisted statistics. Surely the chairman of such a contest could produce the official and accepted facts and figures.

absence of a referee and the refusal of both sides to accept any but their own twisted statistics. Surely the chairman of such a contest could produce the official and accepted facts and figures.

Speech much more free and commendable was heard in "About Religion" (Channel 9) when Father Trevor Huddleston, questioned most pertinently by Tom Driberg, delivered a splendid, provocative, even startling sermon on the failure of the modern church. This was an eye-opener, a revelation of what television can do when it allows someone hot under the collar—any kind of collar—to challenge routine thinking and shake us out of our complacency. It was impossible not to compare this lively performance very favourably with that of Canon V. A. Demant in the "Brains Trust" (B.B.C.). With equal opportunities to strike revitalizing sparks the Canon seemed content to juggle with words.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



LIBERACE



NOTICE.—Contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A. and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests from contributors for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 9d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O. 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d. Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 2d. ^{Mark} Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" "Printed Papers Reduced Rate."

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES (Post paid) Home and Overseas £2.10.0 (U.S.A. \$7.25). With Almanack £2.12.9 (U.S.A. \$7.50).
 Canada By Canadian Post £2.5.6 (\$6.50). With Almanack £2.8.3 (\$7.00).



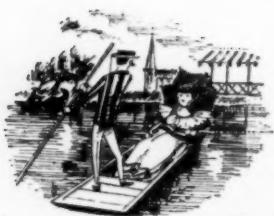
that's my milk chocolate



in the red and gold wrapper

Your milk chocolate too—because it's so gorgeously creamy, so meltingly smooth. Always ask for NESTLÉ's — milk chocolate at its very best.





A distinctive contribution to
the art of gracious living



PLAYER'S

"PERFECTOS FINOS"

PERFECTOS FINOS 50's 15/- 100's 31/-
PERFECTOS No. 2 50's 12/- 100's 25/-



MUMM'S
THE
WORD!



The très sec Champagne



TK8-3D

Price

72 GNS
(excluding microphone)

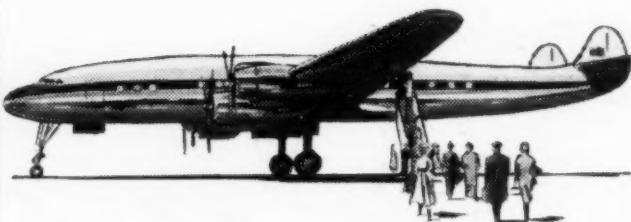
GRUNDIG

FOR FULL DETAILS
POST THIS COUPON

NAME

ADDRESS

(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Co., Ltd.)



Relax by day — sleep deep by night in Qantas

SUPER G CONSTELLATIONS



Wonderful service—wonderful cuisine—wonderful Sleeper-chairs for all-night slumber . . . everything that happy travel needs is yours in these Qantas Super-G Constellations! A fully-reclining Sleeperchair for every 1st class passenger (London-Sydney-Vancouver). On the Pacific Route, a limited number of "sleeping berths" in addition. There's room in Super-G Constellations—room for all those extra comforts that mean so much when you fly.

Qantas Australia's
Overseas Airline in
association with B.O.A.C.
and T.E.A.L.

Tourist or 1st Class,
West from San Francisco
or Vancouver to Australia
and New Zealand—or
East by the QANTAS/
B.O.A.C. Kangaroo Route
via Middle East, India
and S.E. Asia. Also
Sydney to Far East and
South Africa.

QANTAS



TICKETS AND ADVICE FROM APPOINTED TRAVEL AGENTS,
any B.O.A.C. office, and Qantas, 69 Piccadilly, W.1. MAYfair 9200

*Regrettably, during Olympic/Christmas period, 1st November—31st December, no bunks available.

**WE HAVE NOT
ACHIEVED
PERFECTION**

Users of this new Grundig Tape Recorder may disagree with our statement; but "perfection" is a word which has a knack of easing itself into the description of any new instrument — until a new model comes along!

The TK8, with its brilliant styling and extraordinary performance demonstrates again that beyond each past achievement there has remained some room for refinement and improvement. With the TK8 we seem to have reached the perfect combination of efficiency, beauty and utility in tape recorders. We shall be glad to hear what you think, when you have tried it.

GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE NOW — GET A GRUNDIG TK8-3D

GRUNDIG (Gt. Britain) LTD.
Advertising & Showrooms:
39/41 NEW OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.C.1

Trade enquiries: KIDBROOK PARK ROAD, LONDON, SE3
Dept. P.R. Please send me the illustrated TK8-3D leaflet and the name of my nearest stockist.

EST 1790
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SANDEMAN
SCOTCH WHISKY

*The
King of
Whiskies*



GE SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH



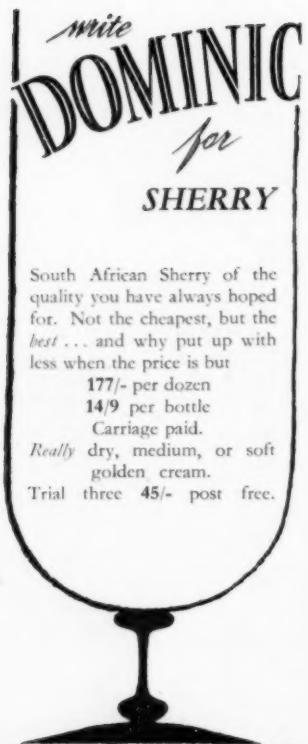
Yes — plus c'est la même chose. Fashions change but good, naughty, passionate, perverse human nature does not. Young folks fall in love and dream dreams, mother fusses over children and shopping, father keeps up with the Jones's in his garden and on the golf course, and life sways back and forth, gaily or worriedly between fish and chips and sole meunière, between beer and champagne. Only the appearance of this mêlée changes, its essential elements remain. When an advertiser comes offering his product, the man who speaks for him, his advertising agent, addresses himself not only to the moods and modes of the moment but

also to the old unchanged emotions beneath. An idea that floats on the current fashion is apt to pass away soon however bright it may be; but one that is rooted in human nature grows firmly and bears fruit.

RCN

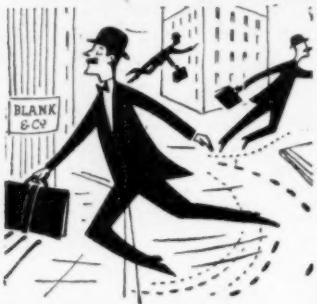
advertising

Managing Director, E. G. Walker



South African Sherry of the quality you have always hoped for. Not the cheapest, but the best... and why put up with less when the price is but 17/- per dozen
14/9 per bottle
Carriage paid.
Really dry, medium, or soft golden cream.
Trial three 45/- post free.

LISTS & LITERATURE FREE
PETER DOMINIC LTD
WINE SHIPPERS
HORSHAM • SUSSEX



Send them
about your business—
for a day or a year—by

Daimler Hire
'drive-yourself'

AUSTINS • DAIMLERS • FORDS
HILLIERS • HUMBERS • VAUXHALLS
for your Sales staff and Representatives

Our Contract Plan, whether for the exclusive use of your cars, or only from Monday to Friday, means no capital outlay and no maintenance worries.

SLOane 3456

68 BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

EKCO TELEVISION available in
Chauffeur-Driven Limousines

Cussons

IMPERIAL LEATHER

After Shave Lotion

For a skin that sighs with relief and almost purrs with satisfaction use Imperial Leather After Shave Lotion. You will like, too, its fine unobtrusive perfume.

JUNIOR 2½ LARGE 3½

From all good shops

CUSSONS OF 84 BROOK STREET, LONDON W1



To feel the joy
of the Carving
Knife slide
smoothly
through the
joint . . .

An important factor in this modern scientific age which seems to have been overlooked is the all important problem of Knife Sharpening in the home . . . Here at last to put this right is a revolutionary appliance, inexpensive and amazingly effective. Puts a really keen edge on Stainless Steel Knives.

MASON MASTER

Tungsten Carbide
KNIFE SHARPENER

From Ironmongers

Manufactured by:
J. M. PERKINS & SMITH, LTD.,
BRAUNSTON, NR. RUGBY. BRAUNSTON 351-2

FASHIONABLE FURS

at modest prices await
buyers at

PHILLIPS, SON & NEALE'S
next

**SPECIAL AUCTION SALE of
FURS on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12**

View—on the two previous days—this superb collection of mink, ermine, ocelot, Persian lamb, nutria, etc. Bring entries now for the November Sale (FRIDAY 9th). For catalogues, entry forms and information, phone, call or write.

Blenstock House (opp. Marshall & Snelgrove)

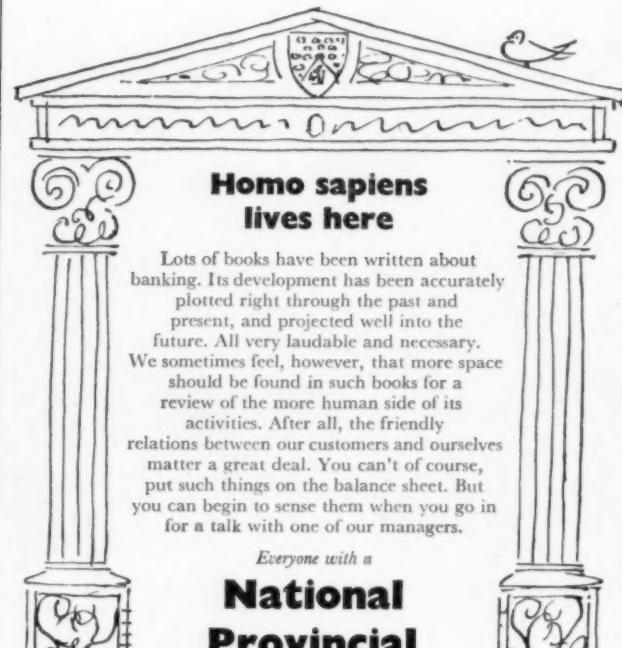
7 Blenheim Street, W.1. MAYFair 2424

Make a
meal of it
with

Rayner's

INDIAN
**MANGO
CHUTNEY**

At all good Grocers



Lots of books have been written about banking. Its development has been accurately plotted right through the past and present, and projected well into the future. All very laudable and necessary. We sometimes feel, however, that more space should be found in such books for a review of the more human side of its activities. After all, the friendly relations between our customers and ourselves matter a great deal. You can't of course, put such things on the balance sheet. But you can begin to sense them when you go in for a talk with one of our managers.

Everyone with a

**National
Provincial**

cheque book gets service

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED



Made by

I love
APRY

the liqueur of
the Apricot

MARIE BRIZARD

who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe
liqueur of the mint!



LIST FREE FROM
IFCO LTD LIVERPOOL 3



A challenge to alert minds

The great and swiftly growing petroleum chemicals industry, in which the Shell Chemical Company has always played a leading and pioneering part, is the one industry essential to practically all other industries. It is now supplying the major share of the nation's chemical needs and opening up a new age of more efficient processing and better products. As Shell scientists delve ever deeper into petroleum, new

base materials are being developed—materials that reveal fresh worlds of possibility for questing minds, that are stimulating new ways of thinking in dozens of industries, from surface coatings to agriculture, from laundering to electronics. Here, for the adventurous, is the inspiration for new departures, to capture markets and enrich living standards. In this new world of chemicals... *you can be sure of Shell.*



SHELL CHEMICAL COMPANY LIMITED, NORMAN HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Inset 12



When whippoorwills call

WHEN WHIPOORWILLS CALL, watch out! To many people in Eastern Canada and New England, a whippoorwill calling near home at night was an ill omen. The old-time safeguard was to find where the bird perched and shoot it, symbolically, by pointing the fingers and saying, "bang". Then, however shrill the whippoorwill's call, the house and its contents were safe for twenty-four hours.

For modern manufacturers taking realistic steps to safeguard their products, a mere twenty-four hours' protection is not enough. They require long-life

packaging materials — robust containers well able to protect their goods through all the chances and changes of transit, right to the pantry shelf. And that is why so many world-famous products go to market in "Fiberite" cases, and in cartons made from "Thames Board".

As our expanding industries strive for a greater share of world markets, Thames Board Mills will continue to increase the production of reliable packaging materials—stout protection for the nation's products.

THAMES BOARD MILLS LIMITED

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BOARD AND PACKING CASES IN BRITAIN

Purfleet, Essex



Warrington, Lancs



the bristles won't come out!

More and more manufacturers are now going to Harris for all their 'paint' brushes. Why? Because from Harris they get a brush of the right quality and the right price for every industrial job—painting, oiling, greasing, cleaning, dusting, inking, pasting or whatever.

We'll be glad to send you literature giving full details of the complete Harris range.

**52 DIFFERENT TYPES TO CHOOSE FROM
SPECIAL BULK TERMS
DELIVERY BY RETURN POST**



Harris
paint brushes for industry

L. G. HARRIS & CO. LTD · STOKE PRIOR · WORCESTERSHIRE
Harris THE PAINT BRUSH WITH A NAME TO ITS HANDLE

CBC 31



Sunshine to suit your spending

£24.10.0 spent with American Express buys you 12 days ski-ing in Norway—daily ski instruction too! £490.0.0 buys you a two-months' voyage to South America calling at many interesting ports. Whatever your spending limit, American Express know how to plan just the holiday you want and save you money.

You take the trip—we take the trouble . . .

Winter Sports, Winter Holidays, Cruises—all are guaranteed trouble-free by American Express. Wherever you go, American Express Travelers Cheques are as good as cash—a symbol of worldwide confidence. Visit your nearest American Express office, or post the coupon below for our Brochure of over 100 sunshine travel plans. We'll look after everything the way you want—American Express service is *individual* service.



AMERICAN EXPRESS
the world-wide travel service

**SEND FOR THE
SUNSHINE BOOKLET!**

To: AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL SERVICE
Dept. W.H.7, 6 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

Please send me your 32-page illustrated Brochure "Winter Holidays"

NAME

ADDRESS

LONDON: 6 HAYMARKET, S.W.1; 109 MOUNT STREET, W.1
BIRMINGHAM; EDINBURGH; GLASGOW; LIVERPOOL;
SOUTHAMPTON; DUBLIN; BENTALLS, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

You can use
INTER-DENS
*anytime
 any place*



Within half an hour after eating, dental decay can be initiated by food particles left between the teeth. Cleansing your teeth only night and morning is not enough. Using a toothbrush after every meal is not always convenient, but Inter-Dens can be used anytime, any place. Inter-Dens are not toothpicks. Made from a soft wood specially processed and medicated they (a) keep the gums healthy by gentle, safe massage (b) remove food particles from between the teeth (c) leave the mouth feeling sweet, clean and pleasantly refreshed.



INTER-DENS
 MEDICATED GUM MASSAGERS
 FOR HEALTHY GUMS & TEETH

Enquire at your usual Chemists or write to:
 Wm. MARTINDALE Wholesale Ltd., 14/16 Bruton Place, London, W.1

AT HOME · AT WORK — you see them everywhere

Vent-Axia
 gives you
 control of
 ventilation

Fit Vent-Axia and your ventilation problems are solved —simply—all the year round. Turn a switch to extract unhealthy staleness; or—as conditions vary—switch over to control the intake of cooling fresh air from outside. Vent-Axia puts ventilation (exactly as you want it) right at your fingertips.



AT WORK
 Vent-Axia appeals to careful management concerned with efficiency, health and the better use of accommodation.

AT HOME

Vent-Axia removes cooking smells and steam, cuts condensation. It is essential to every kitchen.



Intake, Extract and **REVERSIBLE** Units—in four sizes—with Iris Shutter where required. Electrically driven, quiet and economical. Easy to install.

Full details and advice from your electrical supplier

FOR BETTER AIR CONDITIONS

Vent-Axia
 Simplest form of controlled ventilation

9, VICTORIA STREET · LONDON · S.W.1

Telephone: ABBey 6441 (7 lines)

BRANCHES AT: GLASGOW · MANCHESTER · BIRMINGHAM · LEEDS · NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE · BRISTOL

the cooker with a memory

*We were playing in the park
 as the dinner switched itself on!*



**She's free to go where
 she pleases —**



Other housewives are in their kitchens. Yet when she reaches home, dinner will be in the oven — piping hot, freshly cooked, ready to serve on warm plates! How is it done? With the cooker with a memory—the incredible new auto-timed Creda Carefree electric cooker. Prepare a complete meal, put it in the oven, set the simple control — and you're free! The Creda Carefree's oven switches itself on . . . does the cooking . . . switches itself off—all automatically!

Good looking—lavishly equipped—large oven—isn't the Creda Carefree just the cooker for you?

only £50 No purchase tax
 There are optional extras

Creda

Carefree

Simplex Electric Co Ltd Creda Works Blythe Bridge Staffs
 London Showrooms: Creda House Binney Street (off Oxford St) London W1

A  Company



'PULFORD'
£16.19.6
cover as shown

EVERY GENUINE
PARKER-KNOLL MODEL
BEARS A NAME-TAPE
ALONG THE
SEAT FRAME

PARKER-KNOLL have comfort taped

Showrooms: LONDON: 234, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.I.
Also at 3, Barton Square, St. Ann's Square, Manchester: 35, Park Street, Bristol:
43, Temple Street, Birmingham and High Wycombe

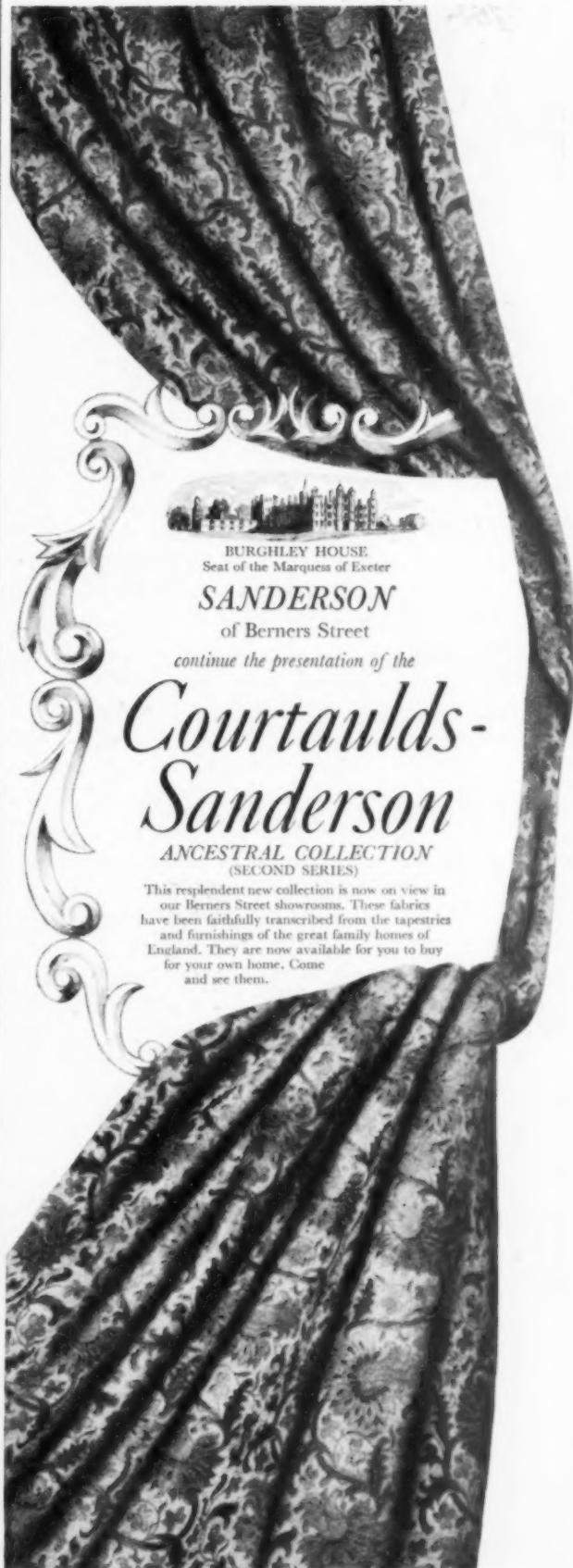
CVS-225

The excellence of their much esteemed
Essence of Anchovies stands unrivalled
today which isn't bad going because
that's what it said on the original label. After nearly
two centuries your gourmet of today is still loyal

JOHN to the original makers:
BURGESS
& SON LTD

whose Anchovies in Oil or
brine, Genuine Anchovy Paste
and Essence of Anchovies are
sold by the best grocers
everywhere.

John Burgess & Son Ltd.
London N.10



BURGHLEY HOUSE

Seat of the Marquess of Exeter

SANDERSON
of Berners Street

continue the presentation of the

Courtaulds- Sanderson

ANCESTRAL COLLECTION
(SECOND SERIES)

This resplendent new collection is now on view in
our Berners Street showrooms. These fabrics
have been faithfully transcribed from the tapestries
and furnishings of the great family homes of
England. They are now available for you to buy
for your own home. Come
and see them.

OCTOBER

Time by the Forelock

IT IS SAFE to say that nobody starts Christmas shopping before October, and that people who do begin it before the month is out are persons of unusual providence. When we meet them—their car laden to the gunwale with parcels, their long, neat list already more than half ticked off—we do not feel for them the admiration they deserve. Why not? They have not stolen a march on us, they have not availed themselves of some privilege which we do not share; all they have done, as far as we are concerned, is helpfully to ensure that, when we hurl ourselves into the fray in mid-December, there will be one less person between us and the counter. And yet—despite all this, despite our better natures—we cannot help being vaguely, mildly annoyed with them. Occasionally those of us who are not irredeemably unmethodical have an impulse to follow their example; we may even get as far as entering a shop and gazing about us in a dynamic and discriminating way. Much good seldom comes of this. We have not got a list, we do not know what we want nor whom we want it for; we lack a plan. Outside the air is still mellow, the twilight of the year not yet upon us. We make some idiotic purchase and withdraw. It is no good meeting trouble halfway, and there are better things to do in October than our Christmas shopping.



Many of the imported commodities which contribute to the Christmas festivities come within the orbit of the Midland Bank even earlier than October. The Bank provides an all-the-year-round service for importers and exporters—as may be seen from the booklet 'Trading Abroad' (free from any branch).

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C. 2



COME AND SEE the NEW Sumrie Shop for Men at Robinson & Cleaver in Regent Street which is now open for the man whose clothes **must be good—really good**. Here he will discover a new conception of the art of being clothed **immediately** and immaculately within a moderate budget.
100 or so fittings in all sizes in superb 'Golden Grade' materials.

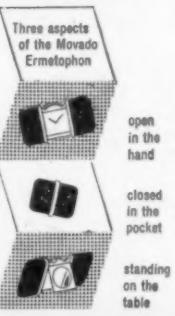
THE NEW SUMRIE SHOP FOR MEN
at Robinson & Cleaver, Regent Street, London, W.1
AND AT OTHER GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY



The only alarm watch

with both watch
and alarm fully automatic

For 24 hours out of 24 the Movado Ermetophon renders invaluable service: in the morning its melodious ring awakes you, during the day it reminds you of your important engagements, and in the evening and for formal occasions as a pocket watch the Ermetophon is always right.



MOVADO ermetophon

Human Values in Construction

However scientifically a construction job may be organised, however widely its operations may be mechanised, successful completion depends on human factors – on the skill, loyalty and morale of the men to whom the work has been entrusted.

THIS VITAL ASPECT of construction has always been fully recognised by John Laing and Son Limited. Although the Company's operations are widely spread over a large number of frequently isolated sites, every care is taken not only to promote the wellbeing of workers on these sites but to keep alive the sense of a common objective, of being part of a team.

It is this sense of team spirit – fostered from the first moment of joining the organisation – which calls forth personal loyalty

and gives a creative purpose to the exercise of individual skills. On construction sites throughout the country, regard for human values is reflected in the willing effort, mutual reliance and quality of work by those on whom the Company's reputation has been established.

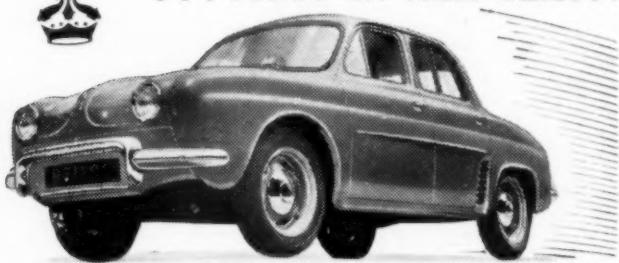
LAING

*John Laing and Son Limited · Building and Civil Engineering Contractors
Great Britain, Canada, Union of South Africa, Rhodesia*

THE NEW RENAULT

Dauphine

... FIRST IN HER CLASS!



THINK OF A QUALITY! Performance, Comfort, Economy – the Dauphine has them all, superbly. For example:

- **PERFORMANCE:** Magnificent road-holding, with independent 4-wheel suspension. Top speed 70 m.p.h. with ease.
- **COMFORT:** Sheer luxury with really spacious seating. Heater and other extras fitted as standard.
- **ECONOMY:** Petrol consumption over 40 m.p.g.!

You can relax with pleasure when you drive the Dauphine. She offers automatic starting, fingertip steering, all-round vision and superior braking. But judge for yourself! You are warmly invited to get in touch with your local Renault dealer for further information. The Renault network of dealers and distributors covers the entire United Kingdom.

RENAULT LTD., Western Avenue, London, W.3. Showrooms: 21 Pall Mall, S.W.1

THE RENAULT RANGE: 750 · DAUPHINE · FRÉGATE
All assembled or trimmed at Acton

(300)

**“BOOTH'S
GIN and
TONIC”**



**For all gin drinks
ask for**
BOOTH'S
There is only ONE BEST

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



GIN DISTILLERS
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED



Once a
du MAURIER
smoker...

always a
du MAURIER
smoker

du Maurier created the exclusive filter tip cigarette which allows only the full flavour of fine tobacco to reach the lips. No harshness. No bits in the mouth.

du Maurier cigarettes have always been consistent—in quality of leaf, in blending, and in flavour.

du Maurier know how to pack their cigarettes in a well-made distinctive box, which ensures that the last cigarette is just as fresh as the first.

the filter tip cigarette

CORK TIP IN THE RED BOX · PLAIN TIP (MEDIUM) IN THE BLUE BOX